

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton  
1963

# Per Annos

## June 1963



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## Editorial

During the past few centuries education has evolved from private tutoring to mass instruction. The church would educate its clergy, and a king employed tutors to teach his heir and nephews Latin and astrology. Now everyone receives an education, regardless of creed, class, or wealth. To-day everything we use — once produced laboriously by hand — is made by machine. Man invented machines to reduce labour and effort. Would it ever be possible to produce an educational machine? Surely not, for no machine could ever meet the requirements, but there are certain similarities in the process.

Raw materials enter the twentieth century educational machine in the same way that cotton, for instance, is fed into a textile machine. However, the analogy does not apply in certain respects. Industrial materials are fed in to make thousands of identical objects. New girls in a school may be inexperienced, but each girl is already an individual with a mind of her own, malleable, but with her own personal gifts and weaknesses already in her make-up. Because pupils are fundamentally different, education sets up a different reaction in each one. Although classmates may be similar in age and size and may be exposed to similar "lessons," the finished products are individuals.

A long procession of students streams through the school doors each year, just as raw materials travel into a machine on a conveyor belt. As the materials are treated with chemicals in an orderly sequence, so the students are held by a steady routine while they are educated. Character is affected. Young

people work with other young people and their common purpose gives them unity. They learn to work together and laugh together. They learn the tact and friendliness which will be indispensable assets as their circle of acquaintances widens to include all ages.

Academically, again, the analogy is deficient. A machine can grade its materials, but it has to use the same process on each level. The school, however, finds satisfactory outlets for the individual talents of each pupil. No longer than fifty years ago the comparison between the machine and the school applied, because students were all forced into the same pattern. The enlightened modern attitude is creating vocational schools and channels for every aptitude. The "Three R's" seem to have expanded to include training of character and mind. The well-adjusted graduate can apply his intellectual training to making his contribution to life.

Out of this exposure to facts and people the finished product appears on the assembly line. Moulded, seasoned with culture, and polished with a little responsibility, it becomes a new generation — a generation which has been educated so that each individual is able to make his contribution to his community, his nation, and his civilization.

For the King's Hall Matrics, the process is now over — at least the first stage of it. Another school year sets each finished product on her feet in a long procession leading into the future. Could any genius have invented a machine as sensitive as the educational influences that have shaped us in the last years?

I should like to thank Miss MacLennan, Miss Morris, and Miss Evans for their unfailing assistance in the compiling of this edition of **Per Annos**. For their help in typing material I should like to thank Miss Jenkins, Miss Stickny, Jane Collin, Dilin McLernon, Dodi Hornig, Linda Peck, Pamela Fletcher, Dougie Trudeau, Susan Marpole, Francis Budden, Ann Stikeman, Bridget Blackader, Sheila Salmond, Judy Fletcher, and Charlotte Stinson. Most of the girls had time to do only one or two articles, but it is to Miss Thorne that our special gratitude goes. She willingly gave up hours of her time to type at least half of the magazine.



Miss Gillard



King's Hall,  
Compton,  
May 6th, 1963.

Dear Girls:

So another School year is drawing to a close! It seems only yesterday that I was listening for the whistle of the train across the valley which was bringing you all to Compton in September — some to a completely new life — many to familiar surroundings.

I am going to use as the subject of my message to you a theme about which I wrote some years ago. As it deals with a Truth which is universal and eternal, it will bear repetition. This is the Truth — we get out of anything only that which we take to that thing.

We are living in a Scientific Age when the tendency is rather to scoff at the Classics. But at the risk of being considered "old-fashioned" I want to draw your attention to the motto of the Boat Race in Vergil's "Aeneid."

"Possunt quia posse videntur."

"They can because they think they can."

The Boat Race was very important to the contestants. They had prepared themselves well for the race by a period of rigorous training and self-denial. That feeling of preparedness gave them confidence. (Remember that your School-days are only the period of training for the real contest, which is the Race of Life.) The contestants won through because they took the task seriously and worked "full-out."

We all need a sense of vocation in our work to make us feel it is worth doing. This School has an important part to play in the building of Canada for the future. No nation can survive without culture, and no culture survives unless it is Christian culture. Your work is the receiving of this culture in your classes, and the handing of it on in homes and society. That is God's call to you.

Now, to return to the "Aeneid," Vergil goes on to tell us that "rich prizes were given to all the crews, **losers** as well as **winners.**" We all become dispirited at times: even the Saints of Old needed to keep their goals before their eyes. There is the story of Saint Teresa of Avila, who, while very dispirited, dreamed that Our Lord appeared to her and said, "I do not ask success of my servants, but only an infinite desire." If you have this infinite desire to contribute to your country's needs you will work "all-out." This sense of dedication will enable you to give of your best.

"Poteritis quia posse videbimini."

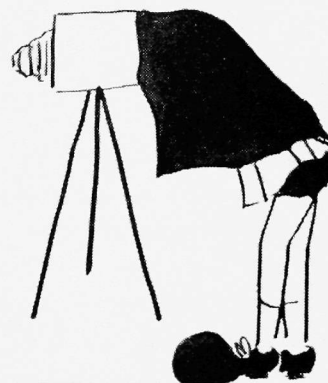
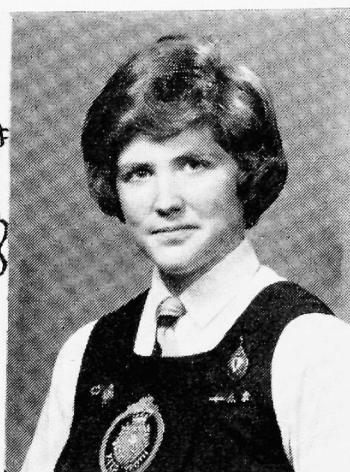
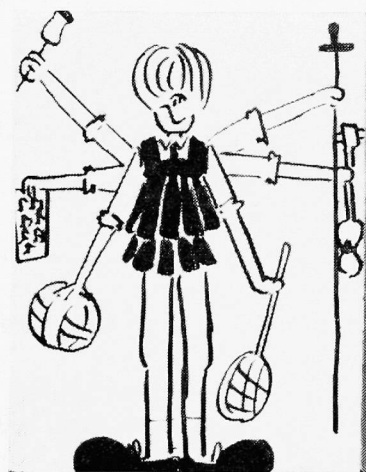
"You will succeed because you will be confident of success."

Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard



## Head Girl



JANET BURGOYNE—"Jan"  
St. Catharines, Ontario

Head Girl, Montcalm  
1957-63

"Life is only froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone.  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own."

Activities:—Head Girl; Form Captain - Matric; Sports Captain - IV A,  
V B, V A, VI B; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee;  
Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Junior Prefect; Crucifer;  
Bellringer - VI B, VI A; Red Cross Representative - V B; Choir.

Sports:—Basketball - School, Form; Soccer - School, House, Form;  
Volleyball - House, Form; Swimming; Tennis; Badminton.

Favourite Expression:—"Now I ask you!"

Favourite Pastime:—Leaping out of bed on Sunday nights to answer  
the telephone.

Pet Aversion:—People who scream down the hall "Anybody got the time?  
... Hey Burgoyne!"

## Head Girl's Message

One of the joys of being Head Girl is that you can look forward all year to writing a message at the end of the year in "Per Annos." The approved method of doing this is to read back through all the other Head Girls' letters for as long as you have been at K.H.C., then try to find a different way to start and something different to say.

It seems like yesterday that the Field Day was held on the first Sunday of the Fall Term — when the three Houses started their year-round competition. From then on, this competitive spirit has never faltered. As many other Head Girls have mentioned, there is a great deal to be said for belonging to all three Houses, and I soon found myself wishing that there were three shields, one for each of you to win. To those who do win the Work Shield and the Sports Cup, congratulations — you've earned them! To the others who fought hard but were not as fortunate, don't lose hope or give up. Remember, "A gallant defeat is better than an easy victory."

It seems hard to believe that this year is nearly over and that I won't be back here unpacking with you all next September. Being your Head Girl this year has been a great experience for me, and has been something that I have really enjoyed. To next year's Prefects and Matrics — good luck — and may you have as enjoyable a year as we have had.

It was Addison who said, "I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality." I'd like to enlarge upon this and leave the thought with you that we must learn to enjoy life and to be able to laugh at ourselves, but at the same time never lose sight of our high principles — those which King's Hall teaches us.

Janet Burgoyne

## Prefects

ANNE EVANS—"Anevans"  
Lennoxville, Quebec

Head of Macdonald  
1959-63

"Do thy best and rejoice with those that do better."

Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Head of Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking; Debating.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming; Skiing; Tennis.

Favourite Pastime:—Dreaming of Tadoussac.

Ambition:—Nursing.

Pet Aversion:—People who spell "Anne" without an "e."

ELIZABETH SHERIDAN COOK—"E"  
St. John's, Newfoundland

Prefect on Macdonald  
1959-63

"Turn backward, turn backward, O Time."

Activities:—Library Committee; Sports Captain - V A, VI B; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - School, House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Skiing; Skating; Swimming; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"... sort of, kind of ... idea."

Theme Song:—"Squid - jiggin' Ground."

SUSAN CLARK—"Tued"  
Summerside, Prince Edward Island

Head of Montcalm  
1960-63

"If a man empties his purse into his head,  
no man can take it away from him."

Activities:—Form Captain - VI B, VI A; Junior Red Cross delegate to Training Centre, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Summer of '62.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Swimming; Basketball.

Theme Song:—"Prince Edward Island is Heaven to Me" — somebody has to sing it!

Ambition:—Social Service Worker.

Pet Aversion:—People who sing hymns twenty-four hours of the day.

JEAN BAGGS—"Jeanie"  
Beaconsfield, Quebec

Prefect on Montcalm  
1960-63

"You would attain the divine perfection,  
and yet not turn your back upon the world."

Activities:—Form Captain - VI B; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Magazine Committee - VI A; Public Speaking; Debating.

Sports:—Basketball - School, House, Form; Soccer - School, House; Volleyball - House; Tennis, Badminton.

Ambition:—Medical Doctor.

Probable Destination:—Having my own T.V. show.

Pet Aversion:—People singing "Prince Edward Island is Heaven to Me!"

MARY CAPE—"Capers"  
Montreal, Quebec

Head of Rideau  
1959-63

"Be good, sweet maid and let who will be clever."

Activities:—Form Captain - V A, VI B, VI A; Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Debating.

Sports:—Basketball - School, House, Form; Soccer - School, House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Swimming; Tennis; Badminton; Skating; Skiing.

Ambition:—Commercial Artist.

Probable Destination:—Selling finger paints at Woolworth's.

Pet Aversion:—Slow rope tows.

DIANE BIGNELL—"Biggy"  
Quebec City, Quebec

Prefect on Rideau  
1956-63

"I can resist everything except temptation."

Activities:—Form Captain - IV A, V A, VI A; Sports Captain - V B, V A, VI B; Library Committee; Magazine Committee - V A; Choir; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

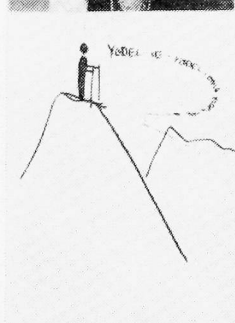
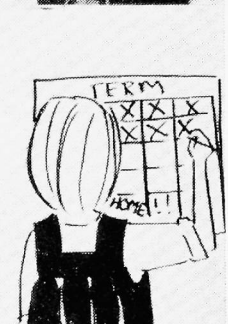
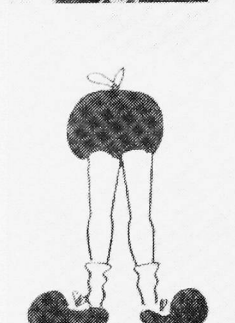
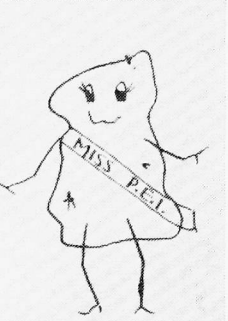
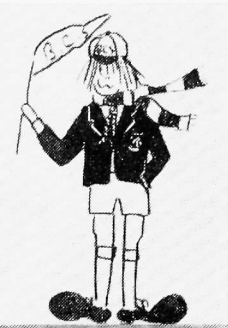
Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - School, House; Volleyball - House, Form; Skiing; Badminton; Swimming; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"Now listen!"

Favourite Pastime:—Skiing in the snow banks, and listening to Ray Conniff and Johnny Mathis.

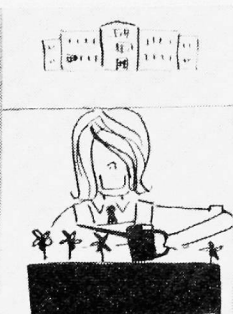
Ambition:—Stewardess.

Probable Destination:—Being the only survivor.





## School Sports Captains



MARTHA CASSILS—"Cass"  
St. Sauveur des Monts, Quebec

Sports Captain, Rideau  
1960-63

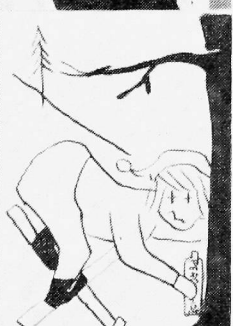
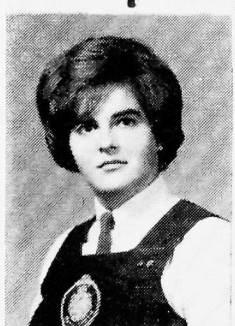
"Smile; it makes all the world wonder what you've been up to."  
Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Debating.  
Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - School, House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Swimming; Skiing; Badminton; Skating.  
Favourite Expressions:—"Nothing like that." and "I don't know."  
Theme Song:—"I'm Dancing with Tears in my Eyes."  
Pet Aversion:—Doily and people who get the bath first.



NICOLA CAREY DRUCE—"Nickie"  
Montreal, Quebec

Sports Captain, Rideau  
1957-63

"Einstein's dead, Beethoven's dead  
and I'm not feeling so well myself."  
Activities:—Form Captain - V B; Sports Captain - V A, VI B, VI A;  
Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Red Cross Secretary - VI A; Cottage Prefect; Debating; Ballet.  
Sports:—Basketball - House; Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skating; Swimming; Skiing; Tennis; Badminton.  
Favourite Expression:—"Gollywogs!"  
Prototype:—A padded pogo stick.  
Ambition:—Commercial artist.  
Probable Destination:—Doodling.

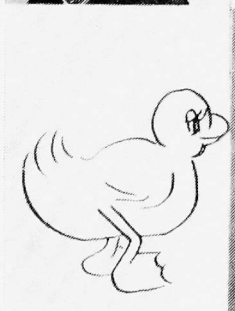


## Residence Captains

CYNTHIA EKE—"Ekey"  
Port Washington, Long Island, New York

Residence Captain, Rideau  
1960-63

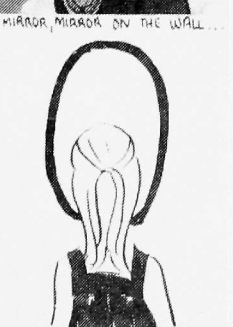
"Born with the gift of laughter  
and a sense that the world is mad."  
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Sports Captain VI A;  
Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Debating.  
Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - School, House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Tennis; Swimming; Skating; Skiing.  
Favourite Expression:—"Now, listen. . ."  
Favourite Pastime:—Living in the bath tub.  
Pet Aversion:—People who put on a false act all the time to impress others.



DIANA RUSSEL—"Russ"  
Montreal, Quebec

Residence Captain, Macdonald  
1960-63

"There is no duty we undertake so much as the duty of being happy."  
Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Magazine Committee; Literature Club;  
Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Debating.  
Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Tennis; Swimming; Skiing; Badminton.  
Theme Song:—"Climb Every Mountain."  
Ambition:—To see the Matterhorn.  
Pet Aversion:—People who tell me I walk like a duck.



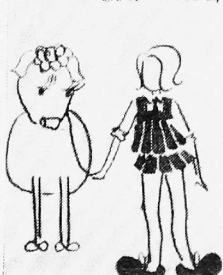
## Matric Sports Captains

SHIREEN FINCH—"Miss Finch"  
Oakville, Ontario

Montealm  
1955-63

"Ah! don't say you agree with me.  
When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong."  
Activities:—Form Captain; Sports Captain; Library Committee; Choir;  
Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.  
Sports:—Basketball - House, Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Tennis; Skiing; Skating; Swimming; Badminton.  
Theme Song:—"I wish I didn't love you so."  
Ambition:—To pass Geometry exams.  
Pet Aversion:—People who interrupt me when I'm reading.

BEEF IS OUR PRODUCE



DODI HORNIG—"Dods"  
Magog, Quebec

Montealm  
1957-63

"When the Lord gave out brains I thought He meant trains  
and got off on the wrong track."  
Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Sports Captain - IV A, Matric.; Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking; Debating.  
Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Swimming; Tennis.  
Favourite Expression:—"Them's the hazards!"  
Theme Song:—"I Believe."  
Ambition:—Nursing.



## Matrics

CAROLINE ARCHER—"Callie"  
Richelieu, Quebec

Rideau  
1960-63

"Experience is the name everyone gives for their mistakes."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club;  
Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Badminton; Skiing; Tennis; Swimming.

Favourite Expression:—"But to-day's my off diet day!"

Ambition:—To speak seven languages.

Probable Destination:—Being chief interpreter in a second tower of Babel.

Montcalm  
1959-63

PATRICIA BALLOCH—"Pat"  
Liverpool, Nova Scotia

"'Tis far better to be a good devil than a naughty angel."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Debating; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Basketball - House, Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Skiing; Skating; Swimming; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Ghad."

Theme Song:—"Stranger on the Shore."

Prototype:—Hayley Mills.

FRANCES BUCHANAN—"Buchie"  
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau  
1959-63

"Thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world."

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Dramatics; Candy Cupboard.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh Really!"

Ambition:—Stenographer.

Probable Destination:—Refilling the water cooler!

FRANCES BUDDEN—"Budge"  
Ottawa, Ontario

Montcalm  
1958-63

"Smile, and the whole world smiles with you."

Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Debating.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Skiing; Swimming; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"Your'e not just whistling Dixie!"

Theme Song:—"A Certain Smile."

Pet Aversion:—A certain dog.

JANE COLLIN  
Hudson, Quebec

Macdonald  
1960-63

"The more alternatives, the more difficult the choice."

Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball - Form; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Skiing.

Ambition:—To travel.

Probable Destination:—Travelling across the country on skis.

LINDA COWANS—"Lin"  
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm  
1959-63

"Die Gedanken sind frei."

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross - President.

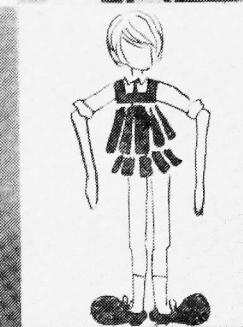
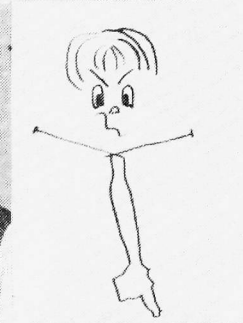
Sports:—Basketball - House; Soccer - School, House; Volleyball - House; Swimming; Skating; Tennis; Skiing.

Favourite Expression:—"Definitely Not!"

Prototype:—Koala Bear.

Ambition:—To go to the Mother House.

Probable Destination:—Somebody's mother.





MARGOT COWEN—"Cowen"  
Fort Chambly, Quebec

Macdonald  
1960-63

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Sports Captain; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Ballet.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Swimming; Tennis.

Favourite Pastime: Sleeping.

Ambition:—To be a nurse.

Probable Destination:—Sleeping on the ward.



CLAUDIA DEWAR—"Clauds"  
Oakville, Ontario

Rideau  
1959-63

"What we really are depends on our heart not our head."

Activities:—Sports Captain - VI B; Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Swimming.

Ambition:—Career in art.

Probable Destination:—Tea taster.

Pet Aversion:—People telling me I can't spell.



JENNIFER EARDLEY—"Jene"  
Nassau, The Bahamas

Montcalm  
1960-63

Vides meliora proboque, sed deteriora sequor.

I see and approve better things, but follow worse.

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - House, Form; Soccer - School, House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Swimming; Skiing; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh Man!"

Prototype:—Gypsy.

Pet Aversion:—People who call me vague and disorganized.



PAMELA JEAN FLETCHER—"Fletch"  
Danville, Quebec

Rideau  
1960-63

"Yes, the next train left ten minutes ago."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Badminton; Tennis; Swimming; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—Mathematician.

Probable Destination:—Balancing the weekly budget.

Pet Aversion:—People who can eat and not gain weight.



ESTHER FRANKLIN  
Sherbrooke, Quebec

Montcalm  
1959-63

"The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers, but they rise behind her steps, not before them."

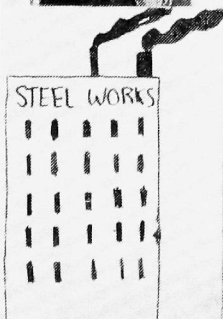
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Debating.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Badminton; Swimming; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To be an archeologist.

Probable Destination:—A mummy.

Pet Aversion:—People who make remarks about missing teeth.



KATHLEEN MACCULLOCH—"Kathy"  
Bedford, Nova Scotia

Montcalm  
1958-63

"If you can't be a highway, just be a trail,  
If you can't be a sun, be a star;  
For it isn't by size that you win or you fail,  
Be the best at whatever you are."

Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball - House, Form; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression—"Now, wait now!"

Theme Song:—"My Mother Murdered a Kangaroo."

Favourite Pastime:—Procrastinating.



WILLA MAGEE—"Magoo"  
Westmount, Quebec

Rideau  
1959-63

"You are my honey, honeysuckle,  
And I am the bee."

Activities:—Form Captain - VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club;  
Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross;  
Debating.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball - House,  
Form; Swimming; Skiing; Tennis; Skating.

Theme Song:—"Midnight in Caracas."

Prototype:—Bob Hope.

Pet Aversion:—Telling people I'm not Lalage Wright!



SUSAN MARPOLE—"Maypole"  
Como, Quebec

Macdonald  
1960-63

"If hers were a common nature,  
Women would all have kings."

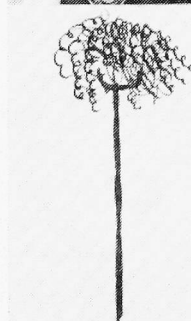
Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics;  
Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Bad-  
minton; Tennis; Swimming.

Favourite Expression:—"Rats!"

Favourite Pastime:—Setting the alarm clock for my room-mate!

Pet Aversion:—People who think I'm somebody else.



DI-LIN McLERNON—"Dily"  
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald  
1959-63

"For yesterday is but a dream  
And tomorrow is only a vision;  
But today well lived makes  
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,  
And every tomorrow a vision of Hope."

Activities:—Sports Captain - VI B; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club;  
Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Debating.

Sports:—Basketball - House, Form; Soccer - School, House, Form; Volley-  
ball - House, Form; Tennis; Swimming; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"Pardon?"

Ambition:—Nurse.

Pet Aversion:—Castles and "STOP TALKING."



LINDA PECK—"Peckers"  
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald  
1958-63

"I want what I want when I want it."

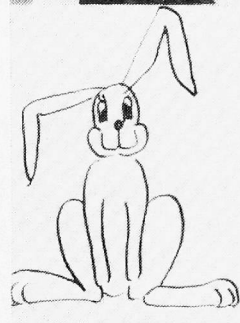
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current  
Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - House, Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball -  
House, Form; Skiing; Skating; Swimming; Tennis; Badminton.

Favourite Expression:—"What an ick."

Favourite Pastime:—Eating.

Probable Destination:—A candy taster.



JEAN DOUGLAS TRUDEAU—"Dougie"  
New York City, N.Y.

Macdonald  
1956-63

"Everything I like is illegal, immoral or fattening."

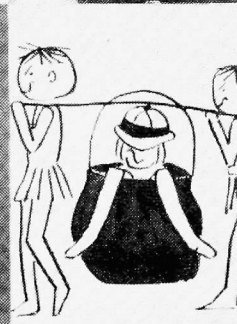
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current  
Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - House; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Bad-  
minton; Skiing; Swimming; Tennis. Skating.

Theme Song:—"With a little bit of luck."

Ambition:—To be a missionary nurse.

Probable Destination:—Ending up in a stew.



SUSAN WHITE—"Sue"  
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau  
1958-63

"I slept and dreamt that life was beauty  
I woke and found that life was duty."

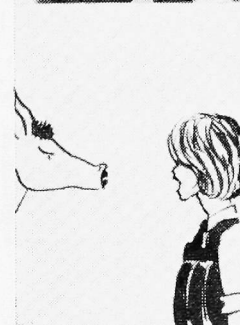
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club;  
Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - House; Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Tennis;  
Swimming; Badminton; Skating; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—Day dreaming.

Ambition:—To be a haematologist.

Probable Destination:—Serving cookies at the Red Cross Blood Donor's  
Clinic.



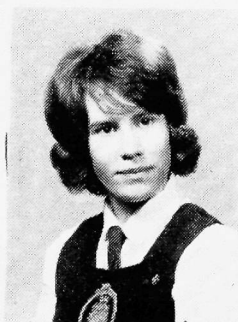
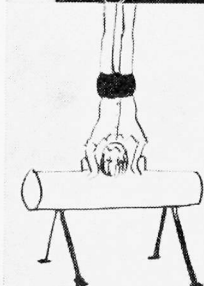




CATHY WOOTTON—"Woody"  
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau  
1957-63

"The hurrier I go the behinder I get."  
Activities:—Form Captain - IV A, V B, V A; Library Committee; Choir;  
Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current  
Events; Cottage Prefect; Debating.  
Sports:—Basketball - House, Form; Soccer - House, Form; Volleyball -  
House, Form; Tennis; Skiing.  
Theme Song:—"Have some Madeira M'dear."  
Ambition:—Physiotherapist.  
Probable Destination:—Mechanic.



LALAGE WRIGHT—"Lal"  
Ottawa, Ontario

Rideau  
1959-63

"Sir Ronald jumped on his horse  
and rode off madly in all directions."  
Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee  
Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Debating.  
Sports:—Basketball - School; Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Swim-  
ming; Skiing; Tennis; Skating.  
Favourite Expression:—"Hello there Sapphire!"  
Prototype:—Eloise Peabody.  
Pet Aversion:—Telling people I'm not Willa Magee!

## The Quarter-Century Club

### Miss Wallace

This year Miss Wallace is completing her twenty-fifth year as Science Mistress at King's Hall. We see in this event an opportunity to thank her for the many services which she has rendered to this school — to the present students and to the many girls who have gone before us. Miss Wallace teaches us Biology, Chemistry, Physics, and in former years has even taught Geography and Nature Study. However, this is not the full sum of her activities.

Every year she takes the Matrics, on nature hikes, one in the Fall Term and one in the Winter, wherein she explains the life functions of all the plants and animals that we see, and points out the many things that we would not notice were we just walking through the countryside by ourselves. She often holds extra classes for us in the Laboratory, when we can look at various specimens that she has collected and ask her questions on anything that especially interests or troubles us.

Also she supervises all her "scientifically-minded

students" when they are watching the television program, "The Nature of Things" every Sunday evening. She sits at French table with us and helps us to converse in correct French, as well as, on occasion, operating the projector at our weekly Saturday-night movie. On top of all this, she finds time to make her yearly contribution to the Red Cross which always takes the form of two or three beautifully-made and brightly-coloured quilts. We are always quite envious of those lucky little children who will be kept warm for so many winters by those lovely quilts.

It is impossible to explain in words all the other ways in which Miss Wallace has been so kind to us — all the encouragement that she has given to her so-often-misguided pupils, the interesting ways in which she has made her subjects come alive to us and all the fun that we have had while working with her. All we can say to you, Miss Wallace, is that simple and straight forward and yet very sincere phrase — thank you — from the bottom of our hearts.

ESTHER FRANKLIN, Matric

**RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT**

Dear Angels,

It seems like such a long time since our first House meeting last September. Sitting here, writing to you, we remember how petrified we were to walk in and face all of you. We remember stuttering something about having spirit. Well, to tell you the truth, we've enjoyed every meeting since, and you certainly came through with the spirit. We'll never forget your enthusiastic cheering at each meeting when we told you "what we came," whether it was first or last.

We were beginning to wonder if you little angels would ever get co-ordinated in sports, but the swimming meet proved that you're not quite as spastic as you look. We expect to see some of you in the 1964 Olympics!

Hope the '63 - '64 Prefects get as much pleasure out of being your House Heads as we have had. Thank you for being such a terrific House, Rideau.

Love to all,

MARY and DI.

**MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT**

Dear Montcalmites,

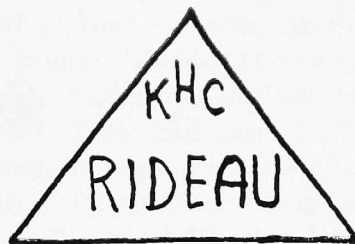
This letter marks the end of another year for you and for Montcalm. For some of us it is the last year, but for others there are a few more years left. This is specifically addressed to those who are returning. In the past you have supported the Montcalm cause with much lung and mental power, and now the spirit of Montcalm will fall into your hands. The flame doesn't have to be rekindled; just a little fanning brings a bright spark; take it from two wise old owls.

In sports your spirit was wonderful. In soccer you just can't be beaten — at least not more than once. In House games each girl played to the best of her ability. Even in swimming we have some of the best fish in the school — it's just that we're not the fastest. Remember, though, we don't expect you to win every single solitary time; it's the way you do things that counts.

It was very rewarding to see that you all reserved your yelling and screaming for House meetings each week. You have worked for a goal throughout the year with great vim and vigour; so just continue aiming for the goal next year and in the years to come. But always remember, "It doesn't matter whether you win or lose — it's how you play the game!"

Love,

SUE and JEANIE.

**MACDONALD REPORT**

Macdonald  
Ambition  
Courage  
Determination  
Obedience  
Neatness  
Alacrity  
Loyalty  
Devils!!



Dear Macdonaldites,

You have been just wonderful! Even though after doing the books it sometimes looked as though we would never speak to you again, (or hadn't spoken to you enough) your good weeks certainly made up for your - er - other ones. You have come first millions of times, (hyperbole?) but that is not all that counts. It is your spirit, and you certainly have plenty — often we have walked out of House meetings feeling deafened by the tumultuous cheers. It was thrilling to add up the totals of some of you busy beavers who worked yourselves to the bone each week to obtain extra pluses.

The sports have been tremendous. It seems that everyone on the House excels in one sport or another.

We would like to say how much we have enjoyed being your Prefects and to wish those of next year the best of luck. Just remember that "Gold Never Tarnishes."

Lots of Love,

ANNE and "E".





# School Calendar

## 1962

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| School Opened for the Christmas Term.....   | Sept. 11 |
| The Matric. Field Day (Entertainment).....  | Sept. 15 |
| Appointment of the Prefects.....  | Sept. 16 |
| Talks by Miss Napier and Barbara Gibaut on Anglican Women's Training College, Toronto —<br>and Anglican Camp..... | Sept. 23 |
| Illustrated Lecture on the Britannia Expedition to the Arctic.....  | Sept. 30 |
| Thanksgiving Week end.....  | Oct. 6-8 |
| Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Tests written by Matric. and VI A.....  | Oct. 20  |
| Soccer Match — Sherbrooke High School vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.....  | Oct. 20  |
| Attended concert by New York Pro Musica at Bishop's University.....   | Oct. 24  |
| Tea Dance at B.C.S.....   | Oct. 27  |
| Soccer Match — Sherbrooke High School vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.....  | Oct. 30  |
| Hallowe'en Supper and Party.....  | Nov. 2   |
| Soccer Match — Bishop's University Women's Team vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.....  | Nov. 5   |
| Matrics. Guests of Stanstead College — Football Match, Tea Dance, and Dinner.....                                 | Nov. 10  |
| Attended Three One-act Plays at Bishop's University.....  | Nov. 16  |
| Illustrated Lecture by Russel Polden — "Trip Around the World".....   | Nov. 25  |
| Scholastic Aptitude Tests written by Matrics. at B.C.S.....   | Dec. 1   |
| Christmas Examinations.....   | Dec. 1-7 |
| Early Morning Carols by Choir.....  | Dec. 8   |
| Nativity Play, Carol Service and Christmas Party.....   | Dec. 9   |
| School Closed for Christmas Vacation.....   | Dec. 14  |

## 1963

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| School Re-opened for Easter Term.....   | Jan. 8          |
| Public Speaking Evening — VI A and Matric.....  | Jan. 20         |
| Attended "The Reluctant Debutante" — Lennoxville Players.....                           | Jan. 24         |
| Annual School Dance.....  | Jan. 26         |
| Bridget Blackader represented the School, Public Speaking Competition — Sherbrooke..... | Jan. 28         |
| Choir sang at Morning Service, St. George's Church, Lennoxville.....                    | Feb. 17         |
| French Play, Juniors — French Recitations.....  | Feb. 17         |
| Attended "Way to Kill" — B.C.S.....   | Feb. 22         |
| Achievement Tests written by Matrics. at B.C.S.....                                     | Mar. 2          |
| Choir sang at Service Dedicating Organ, St. Barnabas' Church, North Hatley.....         | Mar. 5          |
| Attended "The Crucible" at Bishop's University.....                                     | Mar. 8          |
| Piano Recital.....  | Mar. 10         |
| Attended Performance of "Julius Caesar" — Stanstead College.....                        | Mar. 15         |
| V A Play and V A Operetta.....  | Mar. 17         |
| Concert given K.H.C. by Bishop's University Glee Club — Deep Purples.....               | Mar. 18         |
| School Closed for Easter Vacation.....  | Mar. 20         |
| School Re-opened for Summer Term.....   | Apr. 4          |
| Tour of Sherbrooke Hospital — VI A's and Matrics.....                                   | Apr. 6          |
| Sugaring-off Party at Mr. Johann's.....   | Apr. 17         |
| Red Cross Evening.....  | Apr. 21         |
| "Designs for Living" — Illustrated Lecture by Mr. William A. Anderson.....              | Apr. 27         |
| VI A Play — "The Witch House of Baldoon".....   | Apr. 28         |
| Matriculation Examinations.....   | May 1-7         |
| The Mathematical Congress Examination.....  | May 3           |
| The Invitation Dance — B.C.S.....   | May 4           |
| Matric. Choir.....  | May 5           |
| Confirmation.....   | May 11          |
| Glee Club Recital.....  | May 12          |
| Talk by Bishop of Hong Kong.....  | May 19          |
| Final School Examinations.....  | May 29 - June 5 |
| Final Church Service.....   | June 6          |
| Gymnasium Demonstration and Closing Exercises.....                                      | June 7          |



### MISS NAPIER'S VISIT

In September, Miss Napier of the Anglican Women's Training College gave us a most interesting and informative talk on the Toronto College. The A.W.T.C. is a college for young women of Anglican denomination who wish to train for service in the church as social workers, missionaries, teachers in the church-run Eskimo and Indian schools and other related occupations. A few girls from King's Hall are interested in pursuing work of this nature upon graduation, and I do not think Miss Napier should be too surprised if, in the next couple of years, she receives several applications from former King's Hall students.

Accompanying Miss Napier was Barbara Gibaut, a Compton old girl who, after Miss Napier had completed her speech, talked to us about Quebec Lodge, a Church camp on nearby Lake Massawippi, and the very different camp on the Magdalen Islands which she supervised last summer. At Quebec Lodge the season is divided into three periods; one each for senior girls, junior girls, and junior boys. (The senior boys go to Camp Farthing in the Diocese of Montreal.) The capacity for campers at each of these sessions is roughly about one hundred and ten.

At the camp in the Magdalen Islands, however, there were about twelve campers of all ages; there is just one camping period. After the talks, two or three King's Hall girls signed up as counsellors at Quebec Lodge, for the coming season.

We would like to thank Miss Napier and Barbara Gibaut for taking the time to come out here and speak to us and we want them to know that we thoroughly enjoyed their visit and hope that their effort will be rewarded by a greater participation of young people in the work of the Church.

ESTHER FRANKLIN, Matric.



### TO THE ARCTIC

On the evening of September 30, we were astounded to see a sort of boat being pushed up into the Prep. Hall via the fire-escape stairs! It was a kayak. Other bewildering items accompanying it were a tent, arrow-heads, a skull, and collections of all sorts of flowers. With these, we learned later, were food samples and slides. These were going to the making of a very enjoyable evening. They formed the equipment and the collection of The Cape Britannia Expedition. Four young men who might have stepped from the England of Elizabeth I were here to reconstruct —

in word and picture — their Arctic Adventure. They were Robert Challis, David Gordon-Dean, Russell Polden, and the leader of the expedition, Robert Curdy. They had gone last June to the Arctic to search for the diaries of Sir John Franklin. They had left Yellowknife and had gone down the Back River by kayak. This, incidentally, was the first time the rapids of the Back River had been shot. Through much barren land, meeting civilization now and then, they had made their way slowly down the river, encountering all sorts of hazards from the weather and the country. They reached their destination just before winter set in and were able to look around for the diaries. Amid much rubble they did find the can that had contained the diaries, but to their intense disappointment the papers themselves were gone, probably picked up by some inquisitive Eskimo.

After seeing the slides, which were extremely interesting, we went up on the stage where they had put on exhibition all their items, and where anyone who wished might ask questions, sit in the kayak, or explore the inner reaches of the tent.

We wish to thank these young men very much for coming, and to assure them that this was an evening which added another spark to the term.

DOUGLAS TRUDEAU, Matric.



### THE TEA DANCE

Once again King's Hall had the privilege of attending the annual autumn Tea Dance at Bishop's College School. The decorations were simple, but very original. Large murals of gaily coloured handprints adorned the walls. These made a perfect setting for such lively dances as the Twist, the Charleston and, of course, the Bunny Hop. These dances were attempted by everyone.

Refreshments were served during a welcome intermission at tables set at one corner of the gym., for any weary couples needing rest. At midnight the drowsy group of King's Hall girls tumbled into the bus, having enjoyed every minute of the evening's fun and hoping that next year they would be invited back again.

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to our hosts for such an enjoyable evening.

NANCY MACDONALD,  
DERYL DAWES, VI A.

### THE NEW YORK PRO MUSICA

On October 24 we attended a concert at Bishop's University presented by the New York Pro Musica, a group of performers specializing in mediaeval music. The music was certainly unlike anything that most of us had heard before. The group was composed of about ten musicians and singers with a curious assortment of instruments ranging from a harpsichord to an alto sackbut (an old type of trombone.)

The selections portrayed music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as presented in various countries. Altogether we had a delightful and rewarding evening.

MARY STRATFORD, VI B.



### HALLOWE'EN

Though the Hallowe'en celebration occurred at King's Hall this year on November the second, this delay did not diminish the excitement that ran through the school. We started the evening by lining up outside the dining room, looking forward with anticipation to what we would find. Once we were inside many "Oh's and Ah's" could be heard, for the decorating done by the VI B's seemed to have quite an effect on the school. We ate a delicious supper of hot-dogs, ice-cream, cakes, cookies, and candies. The kitchen staff also participated in our fun; they were all in costume and either blacked their faces or wore masks.

Everyone then collected in the gym for the skits. The football game of the year, starring "Staff", started the whole thing with a bang. The juniors followed with their nursery rhyme skits. Next were the advertisements pantomimed by the V A's. History was re-enacted by the VI B Historians. Then came "Romance through the Ages" portrayed by the VI A's. T.V. commercials were sponsored by the Matrics.

As Hallowe'en is famous at K.H.C. for its apple-bobbing and for its hokey-pokey led by Miss Ramsay, the whole school joined in these activities with great enthusiasm.

The entertainment came to an end with a great sing-song and taps, Janet Burgoyne at the piano. Filing down the stairs, we all thought to ourselves "What another wonderful Hallowe'en this has been!"

MARGOT DOUGLAS,  
JANE STEWART,  
CHERYL McDERMID, VI A.

### FOOTBALL GAME AND TEA DANCE AT STANSTEAD

It was a very enthusiastic busload of Matrics, who arrived at Stanstead College on November tenth in response to a kind invitation from Mr. Cayley, the Headmaster.

Though it was drizzling, we greatly enjoyed the football game between Stanstead and Quebec High School. We also put our lusty young voices and our K.H.C. cheers to use, and we'd like to think they helped — Stanstead came from a 7-7 tie when we arrived at half-time to win the game 31-7 and carry off the trophy.

We then trooped inside to dry out and warm up, aided by steaming tea which was served in the school's reception room.

Next stop was Pierce Hall, which the boys had decorated in the theme of "Alice in Wonderland." On each window was a large charcoal drawing depicting some character or scene from Lewis Carroll's famous book, and the stage was flanked by two huge tea-cups. There was also a variety of multi-coloured streamers and balloons hanging from the walls and ceiling. A huge K.H.C. crest, carefully drawn by one of the boys, hung at the back of the stage and was presented to us at the end of the dance.

After two hours of vigorous dancing, both to music provided by a combo made up of four of the boys, and to records, a group of hungry teen-agers headed for the school dining-room. We toasted each other in tomato juice, then attacked the delicious supper with gusto.

Coffee was served afterwards, and a school "musician" played the piano to a very attentive audience. Then we girls gathered up our various belongings, thanked our victorious hosts, and went reluctantly out to the bus, to spend the next hour on the road reliving the extremely enjoyable day.

PAMELA FLETCHER, Matric.



### FRENCH PLAYS

Again this year we enjoyed two French "Evenings," when the Juniors under the direction of Madame Landes put on short plays. On each occasion the plays were followed by recitations of French poetry given chiefly by members of V A, with a few from VI A. These "Evenings" represent hours of work and preparation on the part of Madame Landes and the girls, and they are much appreciated.



### PUBLIC SPEAKING

Oral composition is part of the regular English work of all the Forms, but in the lower Forms the girls make their speeches in front of their own classes only. The best speakers of Matric. (if they have time) and of VI A are chosen to give one or two Public Speaking evenings in the Prep. Hall before the whole school, including Miss Gillard and the Staff.

The first such evening was held on January 20, when the chief object was to choose a representative for the Saint Francis district semi-final of the annual Public Speaking Competition sponsored by the McGill Alumni Society. From a group of about twelve, our three ranking speakers were Jean Baggs on "Advertising"; Bridget Blackader on "The Tyranny of Fashion"; and Margaret Webster on "St. Vincent", which she had recently visited. You may read all three of these speeches in the Magazine.

It was Bridget Blackader who was finally chosen to speak in Sherbrooke on January 28. We congratulate her on giving an excellent speech and being ranked third.

Plans are being made for another Public Speaking evening in the Summer Term.

### THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE

On the night of January 24, 1963, two busloads of King's Hall girls arrived at B.C.S. to see the production of "The Reluctant Debutante" which was being put on by the Lennoxville Players in aid of the Sherbrooke Hospital. The director was Mr. Lewis Evans. The play had been the topic of conversation for the last week, as two of our Staff, Miss Reid and Mrs. Clifton, were in it, while an old girl, Diana Glass, was the heroine — the reluctant debutante.

As the curtain rose we were taken into a typical English morning-room with a very realistic, though quite simple, setting. The play itself was about the worries of two mothers of debutante daughters caught up in the rigours of the London season. We enjoyed the theme and laughed heartily at the witty conversation — especially on the telephone. The acting was very good. Mrs. Perry, as the mother of the heroine, was outstandingly good, in action and speech as natural as if she had been moving about her own home. John Amido, and Diana Glass were also most convincing.

We enjoyed the play very much. As we left we wondered whether we would be going through the same ordeal in a few year's time.

ELIZABETH STIKEMAN, VI A.

### ENCIRCLING THE GLOBE ON A MOTORCYCLE

As a sequel to the illustrated talk on the Britannia Expedition, Mr. Russell Polden came again on November 25. This time he was to tell us about his own expedition around the world on a motorcycle. He brought with him a set of slides and his projector.

In 1956, restless and looking for adventure, he had set out from England. Instead of equipping himself with the normal tooth-brush, suitcase, and plane ticket he had substituted for these a camera, a hundred pounds sterling, and his cycle. In two years he returned with his trusty mobile, a two-year accumulation of beard, and some exciting slides. These — or some of them — we were fortunate enough to see. He showed us many parts of the world and many "sights," from the Taj Mahal and the temples of Bangkok with their rich decor to the most poverty-stricken villages of China. Both extremes were unbelievable.

Even more fascinating than the pictures was Mr. Polden's story of his seventy-thousand-mile motorcycle ride — varied by a few ferry trips from land mass to land mass. He also described some of the jobs that had financed him when the hundred pounds was spent: acting, journalism, advertising, and lumbering. The last part of his journey was made on the "Queen Mary" from New York to Dover. We realized the possibilities that can develop for the modern Ulysses. Both these travel talks aroused our desire to see more of the world for ourselves.

NICOLA DRUCE, Matric.



### THE PIANO RECITALS

This year, to the enjoyment of the whole School, two piano recitals were held, in each of which fourteen girls played. They were drawn from IV A to Matric., and from musical grades one to nine. The first recital took place on November 25 and the second on March 10. The pieces performed were very varied: English folk songs, a sonata by Beethoven, and compositions by Schubert and Brahms.

On behalf of both players and listeners, I should like to express thanks and appreciation to Miss Tudor Jones and Miss Hewson for giving up their time, and preparing everyone to play in these recitals.

JOY BALLOCH, VI B.

### THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

Every year, the Juniors under Miss Hewson's capable direction put on a play at Christmas. Often they are assisted by members of the older classes. This year's pageant, the traditional story of Christmas, incorporated the V A and VI B Glee Club for the choruses and the effect of carolling villagers was very well carried out, indeed.

The part of Mary, taken by Elizabeth Morgan, was excellently portrayed. Pauline Roberts, as the archangel Gabriel, narrated the story, and Jan Parke, as Joseph, gave just the right amount of atmosphere to the stage. The Three Wise Men, Mary-Sue Philpott, Pat Malabre, and Barbara Campbell were very well played, as were the three shepherds Sheana Meyers, and Mary and Martha Jervis-Read, the other figures of the old Christmas story. The choruses sung by the V A and VI B Glee Club harmonized beautifully. Two soloists were borrowed from other Forms, Shireen Finch and Wendy Rankin. Towards the end of the pageant the remaining members of IV A and V B came on stage dressed in costumes representing all nations. The finale of the pageant was mankind's homage to the Christ Child.

After the play each Form sang a French carol and there were other carols in Latin and Spanish as well. The choir also sang several favourite Christmas hymns. Later we walked downstairs, passing between two rows of choir girls, who were lined up in the glass passage, holding candles and singing "Holy Night" to the accompaniment of the organ, flute, viola and piano played by Mrs. Aitkin, Miss Wallace, Miss Tudor Jones and Janet Burgoyne. Everyone sat in the lounge while "Santa" and his jolly helpers smilingly presented the Staff with boxes of beautiful notepaper accompanied by witty verses and the Best Wishes of the whole school for a Merry Christmas. Led by the choir we all sang carols. When we finally went to sleep I am sure every girl felt that Christmas was very close.

SHEILA SALMOND, VI A.

### THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

On Friday night, November 16, two busloads of King's Hall girls arrived at Bishop's University to enjoy an evening of one-act plays presented by the Bishop's University Dramatic Society. I am sure all will agree that these plays were outstanding in every detail. The setting, lighting and sound effects were especially good.

The first play, "The Lesson," was a philosophical production. It definitely appealed to the higher intellectuals. However, everyone enjoyed the

psychotic old German professor, aptly portrayed by John Turner, and the professor's charming young student, played by Priscilla Macey, who was being instructed in higher mathematics — "two plus two equals four." The play reached its climax as the professor, in a burst of emotion, stabbed the girl; in the final lines we discover that this is not the first pupil he has disposed of!

The second play appealed to everyone. It was an amusing presentation of the Scottish comedy, "Rory Aforesaid." Rory McColl, a slightly eccentric, wily old Highland shepherd, was outstandingly portrayed by John McIlmurray. He had slaughtered one of his master's sheep, but refused to testify on the witness stand as it was against his principles to "lie after having taken an oath." In the end, he won his case with the most brilliant of testimonies ever recorded — "Baa!" The humour was increased by a sub-plot concerning Harris tweed, between the two attorneys, and reference to the tweed entered the examinations every once in a while.

As the curtain rose on the third play, everyone was filled with suspense. The stage was lighted by an eerie glow, and the tune of "Bill Bailey" drifted softly from the background. It was Shaw's well-known "Poison, Passion, and Petrification," a social satire on the flighty wife, her young lover, and her jealous husband. The wife, Magnesia Fitztollemache, was hilariously played by Pat Young. The lover was finally disposed of by filling him with cement, and the husband and wife were joyfully reunited.

The audience all regretted, when the curtain descended on the last play, that a very enjoyable evening was over.

JUDY FLETCHER, VI A.

### V A PLAY AND OPERETTA

On March 17, the V A's put on a play, "New School for Wives," directed by Miss Reid, and an Operetta, "The Idea," under the direction of Miss Hewson.

"New School for Wives" is the story of a girl returning home from a rather different type of finishing school — a school in which each girl is encouraged to "find herself," and to develop her particular dominant characteristic. Ellen, the heroine, played by Susan Galt, is sweet and friendly, but has no outstanding characteristic, and for this reason has not "found herself." Therefore she has failed her course. Ellen brings three other girls home with her. These are played by Christine Prescott, Nan Rudel, and Kathy MacKay. Each



had certainly developed her main characteristic and made one wonder whether the finishing school was such a good idea. The four young actresses portrayed their characters with real skill and humour. It turns out that Ellen did not need to "find herself" for the hero, played convincingly by Mary Glen, finds her and begs her to marry him. The play ends with the proposal, but we are not sure whether Ellen accepts it. Robyn Wise and Margaret Chapman as Ellen's mother and father, and Cindy Morton as the maid, added a great deal to the liveliness and comedy.

Though the staging was not elaborate it was clever and effective. The furniture was tastefully and naturally arranged and gave the atmosphere of a pleasant home. The V A's deserved every bit of the enthusiastic applause which greeted their performance.

"The Idea" tells of the bright notion of the prime minister of a fictitious country to have the men and women exchange jobs. This does not work well at all and causes a great deal of unhappiness. Finally, things are put back to normal and all are happy again. The singing in this operetta was very good indeed, especially that of Sheila Reid, the King; Marilyn Nichols, the Queen; and Norah Dean Doheny and Tassy Smith, who also had solo parts. Especially outstanding were the two comic characters, the Prime Minister, Madeleine Thomas, and a guard, Tish Wolff. These girls not only sang well but showed unusual acting ability. The chorus was excellent, both in singing and in the natural groupings and movements around the stage. They added much to the very pleasing "stage picture."

Both plays were greatly appreciated by the rest of the School who wish to thank the actresses, the helpers behind the scenes, and especially Miss Reid, Miss Hewson, and also Miss Tudor Jones who assisted with make-up. The V A's donated the proceeds to the Red Cross.

CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY, VI A.

### DESIGNS FOR SURVIVAL— An Illustrated Lecture

One of the most fascinating lectures we have had at King's Hall for some years was "Designs for Survival" given on Saturday morning, April 27, by Mr. William A. Anderson. Mr. Anderson was brought to this district by the St. Francis-Massawippi Bird Club. When a young man Mr. Anderson began filming nature as a hobby. He has come a long way since then, being now a motion picture director for the United States government. Mr. Anderson, assisted by his wife, directed the filming

of "Designs for Survival." It took twelve years to complete this picture, which has won world acclaim. Before showing the film Mr. Anderson gave a short introductory talk, then accompanied the film with a running commentary and explanation. The film is entertaining, often amusing, and always informative. It clarifies the lecture and is clarified by the lecture. It puts everything in nature in a new light.

The general theme is the way in which nature aids the animal world to survive. The film is divided into four sections: "Designs for Eating," "Designs for Moving," "Designs for Protection," and "Designs for Reproduction." In each part of the film we saw both the common, everyday designs for these functions and also the rarer, more complicated ones. It is incredible that some of the close-up shots could ever have been taken, for we caught glimpses into the inside lives of many different mammals, birds and fish. One of the most unusual was of the angler fish getting his dinner. He has a worm-like appendage on his head, by means of which he lures other fish near him; then he opens an enormous mouth and devours them in a flash. He is so fast you can hardly see him swallowing them. In this amazing film even the common animals which we think we know became new and interesting as we saw many little things about them which had escaped our notice. One could go on for hours talking about this unique film. All we can say is, "If you ever have an opportunity to see it, be sure to do so." When the hour and a half was over we felt we had been there for only a few minutes and we could have sat looking for twice as long.

BETTY-JANE PUNNETT,  
JUDY FLETCHER, VI A.

### REPORT ON THE VI A PLAY

On Sunday, April 29, a VI A group presented the play "The Witch House of Baldoon." It was set in Baldoon, a Scottish settlement in Upper Canada. The time was 1829. This settlement, founded by Selkirk, did not flourish, and many tales of witchcraft and magic grew up around the area. The play was based on one such legend, and tells of a home cursed by witchcraft in the form of an Indian servant. Her treachery is discovered by Dr. Troyer, the diviner of magic. The people of the drama are all actual people who lived in Baldoon.

The main characters, Floss MacDonald, daughter of the house and Terry the witch, were played by Bridget Blackader and Ann Stikeman, respectively. The Diviner of magic was Elizabeth Stikeman; Mr.

MacDonald was Andria Ross, and Mrs. MacDonald, Katherine Mills. Debby Gill took the part of Donald, a visiting neighbour's boy, while the minister was played by Wendy Rankin. I thought they all acted their parts very well, for they made the whole play exciting and enjoyable. Kathleen Plow and Cheryl MacDermid behind the scenes were just as vital to the performance as those on stage because, with some help from Nancy MacDonald, they created the rain, thunder, lightning and fire without which the play would have been flat and meaningless. They are to be congratulated on the great success of their "effects." They added much to the eerie atmosphere. Miss MacLennan directed the production. Thanks to all involved in the play, attending it was a most rewarding way of spending the evening.

BETTY JANE PUNNETT, VI A.

### THE SCHOOL DANCE

Chaos broke out at K.H.C. We had only one short week in which to lose fifteen pounds and send home for our dresses and shoes, while the VI A's had seven short days in which to do the decorations. For many reasons "The Formal" had to be held on January 26, several weeks before the original date.

As you walked into the gym. on the appointed night you almost felt as though you were in Japan, for you were greeted by terrifying dragons and scowling Budhas. Thank you, VI As, for the exotic atmosphere you created with your works of art. The band struck up a lively Paul Jones to start the evening off with a bang. From then on our guests from B.C.S., Stanstead, and other corners of Quebec managed to keep the dance floor crowded — so crowded that splashes were heard from the pool below as the Bunny Hoppers rocked the whole school. Soon about three hundred hungry dancers were seated before sandwiches, cakes and ice cream, which managed to keep them going for the remainder of the evening.

We gathered from the dreamy expression on all faces, guests and hostesses, as they walked out of the gym. that "The Formal" had been a tremendous success.

MARY CAPE,

SUSAN WHITE, Matric.

### JULIUS CAESAR

On Friday, the Ides of March, the VI A's and Matrics. went to Stanstead to see the boys perform Shakespeare's, "Julius Caesar." As far as enjoyment went, it was an unqualified success. We all realize that to present a Shakespearian play is not an easy assignment for a group of amateurs and that

it is very hard for twentieth-century boys to portray characters who lived in Roman times, but we feel that the actors gave a very pleasing presentation of it. James Ball as Brutus, and Nick Jackson as Antony were very good; in fact, it was these two who really kept the play on its feet. One of the many things which impressed us was the obvious enthusiasm which the boys put into their work and the seriousness with which they went about it. We also admired the scenery and costumes and the way in which parts of the play were brought off the stage and acted in the aisles right beside us. This followed the true Shakespearian method, and at times made us feel almost as if we really were seeing the play as it was first produced in Elizabethan times.

Some of us are studying "Julius Caesar" in literature this year and seeing the play come alive on stage really helped us to obtain a deeper understanding of our work.

Thank you, Stanstead, for inviting us to see your play. We can assure you that all of us who went are very glad indeed that we did so.

ESTHER FRANKLIN, Matric.

### THE CRUCIBLE

On March 9, the three upper classes of the school were given the great pleasure of attending the U.B.C. presentation of "The Crucible," by Arthur Miller. This was directed by Mr. Mottyer.

The play is set in Salem, Mass., and is a study of seventeenth-century witchcraft. It is a frightening play in many ways: first, because of the terrible situation which is portrayed, and second because it makes one realize how easily persecutions can be whipped up when people let their emotions overcome them.

The acting was excellent and made the entire play seem real. Ken Livingstone played the leading role of John Procter, a man who refuses to confess to the witchcraft of which he was innocent, but of which he was accused. His wife Elizabeth, played by Mary Anne Carswell, stands beside him in his decision to be hanged rather than to lie. Patricia Young played the part of Abigail, the young girl who would pay any price for John's love. Two other particularly noteworthy players were Barbara Moffat, as Mary Warren, and Clement Chaple as the jail warden.

The costumes, scenery, and lighting were original and imaginative, adding the final touches which made the play so enjoyable.

BETTY JANE PUNNETT,

MARGARET WEBSTER, VI A.



## RED CROSS REPORT

This year Comptonites have been very successful in their work for the Red Cross. Their understanding of the vital importance of the Red Cross was shown in their enthusiasm and in their willingness to give up their time to help others in underprivileged or "disaster" areas of the world.

Last autumn a Junior Red Cross conference was held in Montreal. Representatives from the different high schools of Quebec participated in the debates, speeches and discussions. We spent all day at the Blood Donor Clinic on Dorchester Boulevard and had a guided tour of the clinic. We also saw many films illustrating the work done by the Junior Red Cross during the last few years. For example, many Red Cross workers and supplies have been sent to Africa to care for the hundreds of refugees there.

At this meeting the important work of the high school groups of the Junior Red Cross was emphasized. Teen-aged workers in North America have been very useful in children's hospitals and in volunteering to visit and cheer up the sick. They are beginning to be accepted as mature men and women who can be trusted with tasks that are almost as vital as medicine in encouraging the sick to regain their health.

Coming now to the work of the King's Hall girls! They have all shown terrific co-operation in our raffles and sales. They have never let us down. Their enthusiastic participation in all the projects was most encouraging and rewarding. On Thanksgiving week-end we held our first raffle. The prize was a pink hair-dryer and the tickets sold for days, thanks to the parents who were so generous. Victoria Stewart was the "lucky winner." Later in the year we had a giant soft-drink and hot dog sale. In spite of the fact that most of our "big appetites" were in Montreal that weekend we managed to gross over eighty dollars. Part of the success was due to Mr. Burt and his Staff who gave us such ready assistance. Mr. Burt obtained the soft drinks and the kitchen Staff were most kind in cooking the mountains of hot dogs. We had a brisk business sloshing on mustard, relish, and ketchup, and opening bottles.

At the beginning of the second term we held a raffle for a warm, beautifully knit school sweater which Judy Stairs had made in her Christmas holidays. It was a most professionally finished piece of work. The raffle was a big success. A classmate of Judy's, Sara Collin, was fortunate enough to win the sweater.

The different Forms, encouraged by their Red Cross representatives, have had a busy year and have done a great deal to raise funds. The Juniors and V A's had a fun day for us. They made a huge chocolate cake, smothered in icing and decorated with red cherries. We had to guess the weight, and also had to guess the number of beans in a jar. The V A's later on had a "Slave Day." This was very amusing to everyone, even to the thirty-five V A's who "sold" themselves to the School for the day. They had a pretty rough day, but we were all proud of their contribution. They also charged admission to two enjoyable plays they put on.

The VI B Form has been outstanding this year. Even your Form Mistress is proud of you, VI B's! Miss Ramsay has told us how much you are doing and planning to do for the Red Cross. You seem to have a huge amount of energy among you, and you are so well organized when you do a project.!

As the school routine went on during the year every girl and Staff found enough extra time to make something for the Red Cross "Evening." It was the first time that many of the younger girls had attempted to make anything by themselves. Of course they did get "the helping hand" when necessary. Everything looked really beautiful on April 21, when we had our annual Red Cross "Evening." All the clothes, stuffed animals, and scrapbooks were excellently made and given a good "finish." Many boxes of garments and other useful articles were contributed. Even though it might have been a struggle at times every girl was happy to know that she had added to the School's donation to the needy all over the world. The Staff, too, were most generous and kind.

At this time I should like to extend my warmest thanks to Mademoiselle Paquette, who, through her tireless efforts helped to make this year's work so successful. Apart from the work of the regular Household Science classes she spent many hours guiding the girls in their Red Cross sewing.

I should also like to thank all the Staff and girls, especially Miss Evans, the Form Mistresses, and the girls on the Junior Red Cross committee. The members of the committee are as follows: President, Linda Cowans; Secretary, Marcella Vickers, VI A; VI B, Judy Stairs; V A, Stephanie Hutchins; V B, Alison Donald; and IV A, Susan Caridi.

May I wish the best of luck to next year's President? I am sure she will find as much pleasure in her work as I have done, because the committees are so enthusiastic and co-operative.

**Financial Statement, 1962-63****Earnings:**

|                                |          |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| Thanksgiving Day Raffle.....   | \$ 87.55 |
| Juniors' Raffle.....           | 46.25    |
| Hot Dog and Soft Drink Sale... | 73.80    |
| Money earned by V A.....       | 42.74    |
| Money earned by VI B.....      | 184.45   |
| Money earned by VI A.....      | 16.00    |

|                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| <b>Total</b> ..... | <b>\$ 450.79</b> |
|--------------------|------------------|

**Expenditures:**

|                  |         |
|------------------|---------|
| Candies.....     | \$ 8.37 |
| Soft Drinks..... | 18.00   |
| Hair-Dryer.....  | 13.00   |
| Apples.....      | 13.00   |

|                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| <b>Total</b> ..... | <b>\$ 52.37</b> |
|--------------------|-----------------|

Cash in hand — \$398.42

Respectfully submitted,

LINDA COWANS, Matric.

(Junior Red Cross President)

**ART REPORT**

"Oh, Miss Beaton, where's the white paper?" was a common cry in "Chez Artiste" throughout the year as enthusiastic students dabbled away, developing their latent artistic abilities. Art has been very popular this year and, along with the regular classes, there has been Special Art; for several girls took art as a Matric subject. The art room was always full of different types of work: designs, landscapes, still life, botanical garden ceramics and even fashion designs. (From Paris we hear that Dior has been having a difficult time keeping up with the competition.)

Throughout the year, decorations have been made for various special occasions. The VI B's produced very effective decorations for the dining-room at Hallowe'en. As one walked through the dining-room door, one entered a darkened world of witches, cats, pumpkins, ghosts and other mysterious creatures.

The VI A's are to be congratulated on their very successful decorations for the Formal Dance. Their Oriental theme was very effectively produced by gaily coloured lanterns, posters, streamers and the Japanese dragons which decorated the gym.

All who have taken art this year, either in the regular classes, the special art or the Matriculation group have very much enjoyed their work. We wish to thank Miss Beaton for all her inspiring suggestions and for the help she has given us throughout the year.

KATHLEEN MACCULLOCH, Matric.

**LIBRARY REPORT**

The lending library is always used a great deal. This year it was kept in order by a large committee of thirty-six, drawn from VI A and VI B, the Matric. Heads retiring at Christmas. Each member co-operated fully, and took turns being on duty after Prep. when the library is always open for half-an-hour.

Last year's Committee Head, Anne Evans, handed over her position to Catherine Wootton at the beginning of the first term, and Catherine's place was taken after Christmas by Margaret Webster, with Judith Fletcher as the Assistant.

This year we received a number of new books which are being enjoyed by so many that we wonder whether all whose names are on the waiting list will be able to read them before June.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss MacLennan for her help and guidance throughout the year. MARGARET WEBSTER, V A.

N.B.—Miss MacLennan would like to take the same opportunity of thanking Margaret, Judith, and the efficient, hard-working committee.

F. A. MACLENNAN

**HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT**

Throughout the year the girls from VI A to VI B have been sewing busily in their hour-a-week classes. First, they made articles for the Red Cross, and then clothing for themselves. This year we were fortunate enough to obtain two new up-to-date sewing machines.

We also obtained a new refrigerator; this was a great convenience and saved much time that would otherwise have been spent running back and forth to the kitchen. Although the regular classes put more emphasis on sewing than on cooking, they did learn to bake cakes or cookies, to get the girls familiar with the kitchen.

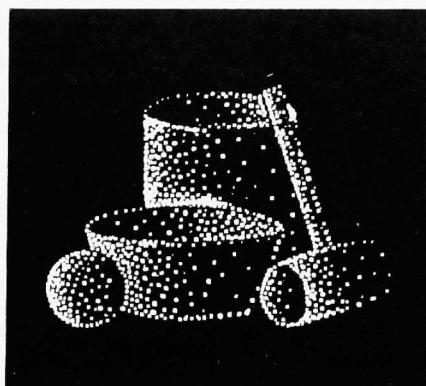
Nine girls take the special Household Science course, two from VI B, five from VI A, and two from Matric. Generally Thursday is set aside for cooking; several times during the year we cooked a regular three course meal consisting of hors d'oeuvres, a casserole, and dessert. These were enjoyed by all, including Miss Gillard. On the other days of the week we concentrated on sewing. Many types of clothing were made including skirts, dresses, ski-pants and blouses.

All of us would like to thank Mademoiselle Paquette very much for the help and understanding she has given to us, and especially for the many hours of her free time she has devoted to our Red Cross efforts. Without her, less than half would have been accomplished. LINDA PECK, Matric.





Watercolour—GERRY HUTCHINSON—V B.



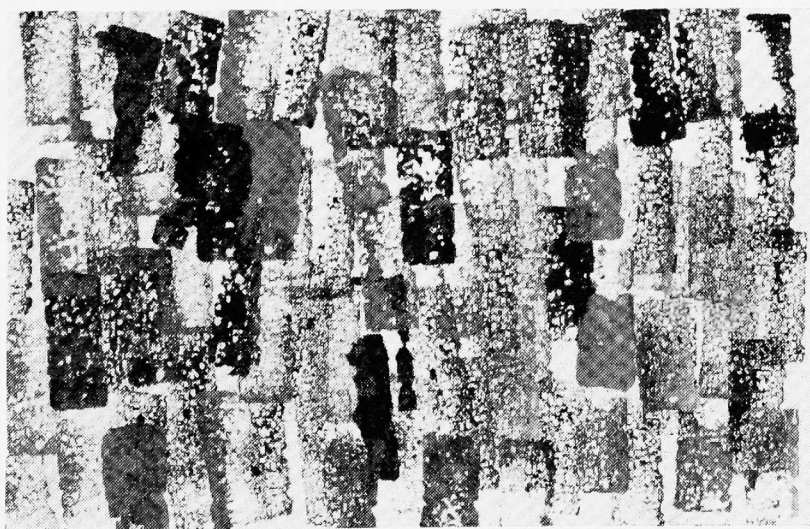
Still Life—KATHY MACCULLOCH—Matric.



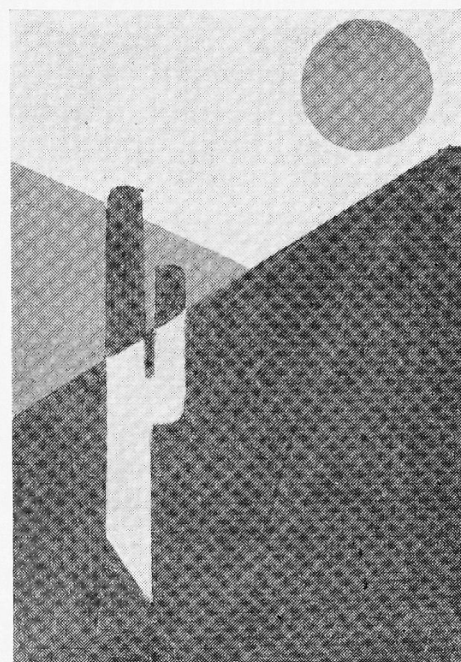
Watercolour Scene—JOAN EAKIN—VI B.



Chalk Still Life—SARA COLLIN—VI B.



Sponge Abstract—SUSIE CARIDI—IV A.



Chalk Design—PATRICIA WOLFF—V A.

### CHOIR REPORT

"You mean I have to go down and go all through that again! I can't sight-read notes to save my life!"

This was one of the many cries of anxiety heard around the school when it was announced that the choir and anyone else who wanted to join had to go down to the music rooms and sing for the choir director. After many voices, scales and hymns had been heard, the choir of 1962-63 was finally selected, consisting of twenty-four members and four substitutes.

The first choir practice of the year was a sort of "Getting-to-know-you" affair, as many of the girls were new, as was Miss Tudor Jones, our director, but we soon settled down to hard work, and by Thanksgiving had prepared an anthem to sing in Church, "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty." We found most of our time on Saturday mornings taken up by changing the words in our psalters to those of the New Prayer Book, but on Sundays we practised our Christmas anthems. These were varied this year with two anthems in two parts, "The Grasmere Carol," and "O Little One Sweet," two three-part anthems, "The Little Road to Bethlehem", and "The Croon Carol," and a final fanfare in round form, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." On the last Friday night of term every choir member put a scarf on her door, and was awakened at half-past five to go on the annual carol-singing trip around the school under a fall of light snow.

During the final practice for the Christmas anthems, the singing was recorded on a small tape recorder and was broadcast in the Christmas holidays over Radio Station C.K.T.B. in St. Catharines, Ontario.

In the second term we made two choir excursions. The first was on Sunday, February 17, when we went to sing at the regular service of Morning Prayer at St. George's Church, Lennoxville. We sang an anthem which was "O how amiable are Thy dwellings." After the service we were the guests of the Ladies' Guild at an appetizing lunch, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Our second trip was on Tuesday, March 5, to North Hatley to take part in an evensong service at St. Barnabas' Church, held for the purpose of dedicating a new pipe organ. In this we sang four anthems: "O how amiable are Thy dwellings," "The Lord's my Shepherd," by Schubert, "Ave Verum," by Mozart, and "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty." After this service, the ladies of the Guild served us a delicious tea.

During the last term, we worked on anthems for

Easter, for Confirmation, and for the Closing. At Easter we sang "This Joyful Eastertide," an old Dutch melody, and for Confirmation we sang a vesper to the words of the prayer, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." At the Closing service we are singing "The Lord's my Shepherd," "Lift Thine Eyes," and, as a vesper, "Lighten Our Darkness."

On the whole, this year, the choir has been concentrating on quality rather than quantity, and I think it is well on its way to achieving its purpose. None of this could have been done, though, without the most capable leadership, the unremitting efforts, and the patient guidance which Miss Tudor Jones has given us. It is on behalf of the whole Choir that I express my warmest thanks and appreciation to Miss Tudor Jones, who has given up so much of her time to make this year's Choir such a success.

JANET BURGOYNE, Matric.



### GLEE CLUB REPORT

The school songstresses all showed up on a September night when we were to try out for the Glee Club. There were so many that two separate groups were formed. One consisted of Matrics. and VI A's and the other of VI B's and V A's. Once a week, each group spent half an hour in the gym singing. The VI B and V A group learnt three Christmas carols which we sang with the Juniors at the Christmas pageant.

When the second term started, so did skiing at Hillcrest and free time disappeared. Several girls consequently had to drop out of the Glee Club. Only a few VI B's and Matrics' were left to carry on the good work. During the second term we learnt "Peter Piper" by Frank Bridge, and sang it in the summer term at a recital.

Miss Tudor Jones was our ever-patient leader, and to her go our thanks for giving up so much of her time for our enjoyment and benefit.

JILL STAINFORTH, VI B.



### DANCING

We were again fortunate this year in having Miss Sonia Champberlain of Montreal, at King's Hall once a week to give classes in ballet, traditional and modern, and in ballroom dancing. About 32 girls attended the classes to their great profit and enjoyment.



### THE NATURE OF THINGS

Every Sunday evening at 6:30 Miss Wallace and eighteen girls of a scientific bent gather around the television as if attracted by a magnet to watch "The Nature of Things."

This programme deals with the three aspects of science: biology, chemistry and physics. One programme concerning biology will discuss the evolution of man, showing how the skull of the ape evolved into the skull of the present day man. Another, in "New Atoms for Old," will deal with chemistry, discussing why some elements are radioactive. Yet another programme will discuss the basis of physics — Newton's Laws.

The girls especially enjoyed the series amusingly presented by Drs. Hume and Fry. We feel that we have gained invaluable information and that our knowledge of science has been further enriched by "The Nature of Things." We have found the series immensely beneficial and hope that it will be continued next year.

JEAN BAGGS, Matric.

### REPORT ON CURRENT EVENTS

This past year has been one full of interesting topics to discuss in Current Events. Every possible Friday night the Matrics. and VI A's have gathered in the lounge with several of the Staff to learn of the most important happenings of the past week. Miss Morris usually gives us a short talk on the subject she feels is most urgent, or if she feels she has not enough information on that particular subject, some other Staff member will speak. Among other things, we have discussed the Cuban crisis and the Canadian elections. Miss Stickney also enlightened us very much on the subject of the Common Market, during our first term. Before we are dismissed we usually have a few moments for questions or comments, and can also suggest the topics we would like to hear about next.

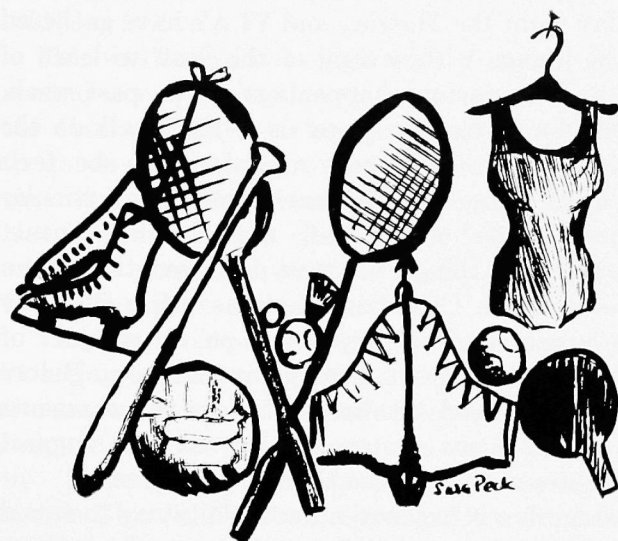
Altogether it has been a worthwhile way to spend our Friday nights, and I would like to thank Miss Morris and all others who have helped us to benefit from our weekly current events discussions, as well as enjoy them.

BETTY JANE PUNNETT, VI A.



FIKE DRILL!

J. EAKIN



# SPORTS

## 1963 Sports Report

There has been enthusiasm for all sports throughout this year. We would like to convey our thanks to Miss Braddick and Miss Keyzer for the extra time which they have put into making our sports' events possible.

The year started with a bang when the Matrics. organized a field day to the delight of all. Soon after that, Miss Keyzer and Miss Braddick whipped together a soccer team. Because there were so many good players this year, there was a large group of girls who played in the games at one time or another. They were Nicola Druce, Cynthia Eke, Janet Burgoyne, Wendy Rankin, Susan Marpole, Susan White, Ann Stikeman, Martha Cassils, Elizabeth Cook, Dianne Bignell, Elizabeth Stikeman, Margot Cowen, Joan Eakin, Beverly Bryant, Andrea Newman, Jennifer Eardley, Lalage Wright, Dodi Hornig, Joan McMaster, Linda Cowans, Anne Evans, Mary Cape and Charlotte Stinson. We played two games against Sherbrooke High School and a third hard-fought battle against the Bishop's University girls' team. Two games with the various B.C.S. teams were cancelled because of rain — much to the disappointment of all!

There was lots of snow this winter and ski enthusiasts were out "bashing" at Hillcrest; only two people suffered minor injuries. The cold weather made excellent skating also. Because of the many "Blue and Gold" days, we did not get a basketball team together, but we had more outdoor sports instead. Just before the end of the Easter term there was held a great competition between the Houses — a swim meet. Rideau came out the victor.

In Badminton, the Junior Singles was won by Marilyn Nichols, while the Junior Doubles was won by Marilyn Nichols and Elizabeth Paterson. The Senior Singles tournament was won by Pam Fletcher, and the Senior Doubles was won by Joan McMaster and Di McLernon. The Tennis Tournaments are just getting underway so that there are no winners as yet.

Through the whole year we have enjoyed being your Sports Captains and we hope that the Captains of next year find you as co-operative and as full of spirit and fun as we have done.

MARTHA and NICKIE



### SOCCER REPORT

"Keep in your lines!" was Miss Keyzer's favourite cry during the soccer season. Finally this direction was obeyed, and girls were chosen for the first and second teams. The choices were wise, as the teams' victories showed.

Three outside matches were played, two against the Sherbrooke High School and one against U.B.C. women's team. The games were exciting, all teams playing their best.

Besides the school teams each House had three teams chosen and organized by the House Prefects. These teams often competed against each other. The games boosted House spirit tremendously, and cheer leaders became hoarse.

Altogether we had a fine year of soccer, every girl who wished to play getting plenty of practice.

JILL STAINFORTH, VI B.

### SKIING AT HILLCREST

The skiing at Hillcrest was better this year than it has been for the past several years. As some snow fell nearly every day conditions were perfect. Every day except Wednesday, one class would go by bus from three-fifteen to six o'clock. Occasionally a few girls would be lucky enough to get there twice a week.

At Hillcrest we would be divided into two groups — the less advanced and the more advanced. Each group was supervised by one of the instructors who were very helpful in giving advice and letting us choose our own hills.

After our afternoon of skiing we would enjoy a hot dog and a hot drink at the restaurant.

Our thanks must be extended to all the people at Hillcrest and to Miss Keyzer, Miss Morris and Miss Ramsay, who took turns in accompanying us and making possible such an enjoyable season.

DEBBIE GILL, VI A.

### SWIMMING REPORT

The response to the swimming this year has on the whole been quite disappointing. At the beginning of the year the girls were most eager to take advantage of the pool and the classes, but latterly the pool was enjoyed by only a few enthusiasts who were there nearly every day.

During the Fall Term and the first part of the Winter Term, there was mainly free swimming. Some concentrated on diving, others on lengths, and style, and a few simply enjoyed themselves in the shallow end. There were class lessons with the Juniors and individual coaching of the Seniors in both swimming and diving.

Towards the end of the second term the House Heads and Sports Captains arranged a swimming meet. Each House had its day in the pool for testing and trying-out swimmers, and on the afternoon of Saturday, March 16, everyone crowded to the pool, some to watch, others to take part in the fun. In addition to the races for front and back crawl, breast stroke and butterfly, there were Junior and Senior Diving Competitions and a number of obstacle events, including a slalom and a balloon race. During the intermission the Matrics, dressed up in old clothes and played a baseball game, with the batsman standing on the diving board using an old tennis racquet as bat, and hitting a rather dead tennis ball to the fielders. She then dove into the water and swam around the bases. Rideau won the meet with thirty-five points, Macdonald came second with thirty-two, and Montcalm tagged along behind with seventeen points.

As well as swimming in the afternoons, there was more swimming at night this year than in past years. Many thanks are due to Miss Braddick and Miss Keyzer for making possible these enjoyable afternoons and evenings in the pool.

JANET BURGOYNE, Matric.



### TENNIS

In the first term girls got out on the four courts to play whenever they could. After classes, at night, on Saturdays and Sundays they could be heard laughing and calling out the score.

When winter came, the courts were silent, buried under feet of snow, not to be used again until spring, when once more tennis balls would zing over the net — and very often over the fence!

As the tennis season approaches again girls go up to the gym. to receive instruction from Miss Braddick on how to serve, how to hold their rackets properly, and how to make the proper forehand and backhand stroke. As the snow melts, all are thinking about the tournaments and the partners with whom they will play.

Last year's champions were, in Junior Doubles, Joan McMaster and Jill Stainforth; in Senior Doubles, Marcia Pacaud and Cynthia Eke. Though we do not yet know who the 1963 winners will be, we do know that tennis is one of the sports most enjoyed at King's Hall.

ELIZABETH STIKEMAN, VI A.

### IN APPRECIATION

Unfortunately Per Annos goes to press each year before public announcement is made of changes in Staff. This creates a problem — we would have liked, last June, to print a few words of appreciation and wish those departing good fortune but our hands were tied. This year we are going to do what could not be done in '62. Mrs. Elliott and Miss Macdonald retired after many years at King's Hall and Miss Keith left to become Dr. Keith of Ottawa University. Now that they are not here to assert their 'rights' we can say what we please.



#### Dr. Keith

Many Old Girls, and some present ones, will remember with gratitude that their faltering mathematical footsteps were guided by Miss Keith's ceaseless efforts — the lazy were prodded mercilessly and the careless were made to quake. As Form Mistress Miss Keith, ably assisted by Cindy, kept successive VI A's in order even when they did not realize that they were being so 'kept.'

We regret Miss Keith's departure from the halls of K.H.C. and hope that in the higher halls of learning she will, perhaps, find brighter students but none who appreciate more keenly her abilities as a teacher. Good luck and good health Dr. Keith from the Staff and girls — past and present.



### RETIREMENT

#### Mrs. Edna Elliott 1945 - 1962

About the staff-room we miss the author of those expressions "C.C.L." and "Sickening isn't it?" as well as one who could always help with a knitting pattern, tell a story well and had a very dry humorous comment for every situation.

After seventeen years at King's Hall Mrs. Elliott retired in June 1962. With her leaving this school lost a teacher whose concern was more with the facts of learning than with its fads. Endless drill, relentless demanding of the best a pupil can do, a firm and unvarying sense of duty characterized all Mrs. Elliott's work. Each child found a security in this uniform and kindly discipline. Nothing reveals her personality and thoroughness as a teacher more than the workmanship and finish of the beautiful articles Mrs. Elliott made and gave yearly to the Red Cross.

Many 'Old Girls' and present ones greet you, Mrs. Elliott, thank you for the help and inspiration you have been to them, and wish you happiness and good health for your more leisurely years.



#### Miss Anna Macdonald 1943 - 1962

Miss Ann Macdonald was Head of the Music Department for nineteen years. It is difficult to express in a few words what she meant to the school during that time. She combined enthusiasm, originality, wit, and friendliness with uncompromisingly high standards. She was a perfectionist who achieved results through leading and inspiring, not through driving anyone — except, perhaps, herself.

Old Girls who left the school twelve to nineteen years ago will remember her 'Gilbert and Sullivan' productions, which had an almost professional finish. All will remember her ploughing through snow banks with lanterns or flashlights and the choir on the last Saturday or Sunday morning before the Christmas holidays, carolling under the windows. Can you see her sweeping onto the stage in an Elizabethan or 18th century costume to give one of her brilliant concerts — for Miss Macdonald is a concert pianist as well as a teacher.

Behind these more memorable, but rarer appearances, went on the steady hard work of training the choir, playing the church organ every Sunday, and teaching generations of piano and vocal students — some gifted and some "just ordinary." In every pupil, she inculcated a love of music based on a scholarly understanding, and above all she helped each to acquire habits of thoroughness and care. Nothing "slap-dash" or superficial was tolerated by Miss Macdonald.

Although we miss her, we are glad that she is enjoying her retirement. Characteristically it began with a whirl. She spent last winter partly in the Southern States with friends and partly touring the country from Florida to California. She is now at home in Nova Scotia cultivating her garden and doing a million interesting things. Even in retirement Miss Macdonald will not be idle.







# Matrics



## ON WRITING ESSAYS

When I was first presented with the ultimatum "Write an essay or else" I was lost. What should I write on and how does one write a successful essay? As I pondered the question on the way home, a thought dawned on me. For little suggestions look in the preface of a book of essays; for writing style, read the essays.

As I patted myself on the back and congratulated my superior thinking genius for such a simple solution, I snuggled into the big leather chair in the library and proceeded to attack all books of essays within arm's reach.

The secret of a good essay obviously lies in an eccentric title; that must be the answer, for the book was entitled "A Book of Good Essays" and almost every essay had a title which left ample room for imagination. For instance, the title "A. B. and C." could be an essay on teaching the young the alphabet or a discussion of ants, bats and cats. Thus the person with an active imagination and a keen sense of curiosity would immediately turn to page thirty-nine and see if he was right. Unfortunately I have neither imagination nor curiosity, so I continued reading the Table of Contents.

The next exciting title I came to was "The Advantages of having One Leg." At once I stood and tucked one leg up and hopped about until I crumpled to the floor. Obviously I could not see that man's point of view. But perhaps if you did have one leg it would cut the cost of shoes in half, or leave more room for the man standing next to you on a crowded bus, and if you really wanted to be an optimist there would never be the chance of your other foot touching the ground, thus disqualifying you in a game of hopscotch.

As I passed on down the list, I came upon the title "Dudley and Gilroy." At first glance I thought someone was comparing an old vaudeville act with a current television series. Then on a second consideration I thought someone was probably telling a story about two old Saint Bernards that were family pets when he was young.

"On Domestic Servants" was most certainly written by an English Earl who was trying to find a staff to equip his newly-inherited, one hundred-and-four room, fourteenth century mansion. I can

read it now without even turning to page seventy-two. He wanted a butler named James, who was to be partly bald, have a hooked nose and stand like a general who is just receiving another medal to join his first forty. Finally an applicant fills the bill right down to the very last "Yes, Sir," except that his name is Elmer. Just another problem of trying to hire Domestic Servants.

"Words, Words, Words" was the next inviting title I noticed. It could be anything from a page copied from Webster's dictionary to a discussion of the plea of Eliza Doolittle.

As I was reaching the end of the page I began to worry, as I hadn't found any titles that suited my writing taste; then the last selection caught my eye, "Advice to Writers." I turned to page one-hundred-and-nine and began to read.

SUSAN CLARK, Matric.



## ADVERTISING

### (A Speech given to the School)

To-day the business world is highly competitive. As a result, many modern products are sold by subtle devices. It is the means of advertising which I will now speak about.

Modern advertisers use gimmicks or tricks which compel us to buy things even though we had never intended to do so. These gimmicks are concealed so that we do not know that we are being persuaded, or to use the common expression, "sucked-in." Hence, they are called "the hidden persuaders."

For instance, when General Motors Company sell a Cadillac, they sell not only a car with white-walled tires and all the luxuries a car can have, but also a status symbol. Thanks to the hidden persuaders, people associate the Cadillac with prestige and success.

Also Marlboro cigarettes are advertised as being "a man's cigarette." In the advertisements you always see a man smoking the Marlboro and he often has a tattoo on the back of his hand. This is to stress the masculinity and the "he-man" aspect. Many men will buy Marlboro to show that they are real men just in case anybody was in doubt.

These examples show that advertisers always give the consumer an image so that in reality we are buying the image and not the product.

Another trick is the eye appeal. Chrysler Corporation used this when they put forth the car with the new "forward look." This low, sleek appearance brings out the adventurer in us. Hence sales soared considerably. The eye appeal is also used in supermarkets. Why do women make a bee-line to brightly-coloured packages? One research said that brightly-coloured packages have the effect of hypnotizing a woman just as if you waved a flashlight in front of her eyes.

Experts have found that there are three ways to sell status symbols to American consumers. One is to offer bigness. The biggest car or refrigerator or any appliance appeals to these people. Secondly, by inverse logic, many found out that they could increase their sales by raising the price of their product. A famous French company, Jean Patou Incorporated, proudly advertises its "Joy" perfume as the costliest in the world — \$45.00 an ounce. A third strategy is to use the snob appeal. The Earl of X, in impeccable dinner jacket, invites us to join him in a Lord Calvert whisky. A certain brand of powdered coffee was not selling at all until the manufacturers began serving it on television at extremely smart dinner parties. In all these instances sales improved immediately.

Sometimes the hidden persuaders misfire. For instance, the maker of fiberglass luggage found in tests that the luggage was virtually indestructible. In a burst of enthusiasm, its salesmen persuaded the company to boast that the luggage was so rugged that it could remain intact even if dropped from an airplane. When the luggage was dropped, the sales also dropped. Motivation analysts found that people seeing the commercial were discontented and antagonized. Their minds quickly became flooded with unpleasant thoughts about plane crashes. They didn't see much consolation in having luggage that could survive a crash when they themselves couldn't.

These are only a few examples of this hidden persuasion. It exists in all kinds of advertising. We seem to be defenceless against it, but allow me to say this as my last word of advice; if you happen to see the commercial or advertisement, "Pink Pills for Pale People" or the like, don't immediately buy this product assuming you will have a rosy complexion, but take it with a grain of salt, and I don't mean the pills!

JEAN BAGGS, Matric.

## AN EQUATION

Messrs. Peterson and Bly describe an equation as the equality of two expressions. Is that what you believe? How little then, do you, Mr. Peterson and Mr. Bly, understand the superficiality of that statement.

Here I have an equation, a beautiful equality — but also a healthy family of  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's who worry their fair heads less about their expression than most children do about the houses they live in.

Once I spent a summer evening pouring over this lively family —  $x$ -and- $y$  sitting. They were the cutest bunch of unknowns you have ever seen, merry, active and with bright little minds of their own. Oh, how I wished they wouldn't run around so!

First we sat around a crackling fire for a long time in eloquent silence, while burning logs threw sparks into the hush. My charges stared glassily while I wondered desperately how to begin my assignment.

Fate became bored with my inertia, for suddenly one little  $x$  with a smear of charcoal on her cheek, chucked her sign into the blaze to create a diversion. She made one! I just managed to salvage the all-important sign before it disappeared in smoke.

From experience, I am fairly used to lack of co-operation in these algebraic families, so having learnt my lesson I began again only very slightly discouraged. "Bed time," I sang cheerily.

Silence!

"I have cookies for every one if you're in bed in ten minutes." This from me, triumphantly.

However, pandemonium broke loose! Confusion reigned in the bedroom while the chubby children subtracted their pinafores and playsuits and added their pyjamas. The  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's were inextricably mixed when I arrived, and they refused to factor.

One hour later  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's were arranged in the correct bunks — "factoring" as they say in Algebra. Even their signs were changed and all indices hung up! I checked! From my point of view things were less rosy — chewed nails and a very blunt pencil were my reward.

Of course, success was too good to be true. I had forgotten to solve, solve the problem of the messy room, and there was bound to be trouble. When I awoke, the pale cold beams of the six o'clock sun were playing over two sets of empty denominators.

What was wrong with last night's effort? My equation was definitely top heavy this morning! Through the narrow equality sign, I watched my charges trade powers for surds and generally muddle themselves beyond recognition. No self-respecting exercise book would accept them now!

CATHERINE WOOTTON, Matric.



### THE TEN-ROUND SCHOOL DANCE

Why ever did we start having dances as a source of recreation? In the middle of the seventeenth century, during the Puritan Age, any form of pleasure was looked upon with great distaste and shame, as it was supposed to represent the work of the Devil! Why did we have to change things? I realize that dancing must have been a form of beauty and skill when it consisted of a sweet young couple floating around a ballroom doing an absolutely marvellous waltz, but we never see that anymore! What has happened? What we see now is the frenzied motions of couples, (I think it's couples, but it's hard to tell who is dancing with whom these days!) doing a variety of contortions, both of face and figure as they swivel from one foot to the other! Is this dancing?

Ah, the modern generation! You say that you haven't been to any of your children's school dances in the last little while? Well, I think that I can remedy that, because to-night is "fight night." It will be easier for me to help you "make" the scene, because I am one of those "typical teenagers"; thus you can get an "on the spot" report. Fasten your seat belts; I am going to take you "broadminded" folks on a guided tour of one of those average school dances. In this case it is going to be a typical girls' versus boys' boarding school dance. Here we go!

"Shush! Be quiet! Do you want THEM to hear you?"

(In case you were wondering, that was the ever soft and gentle voice of a typical boarding school girl). She and her conversation are your introduction to King's Hall society. (Startling, isn't it!) As I know you are feeling a bit lost and bewildered now, I shall try to fill you in on a few facts, or set the scene.

The girls are upstairs and have pretty well finished dressing and primping for their formal dance, held in the middle of January, "Per Annos." Most of the boys, (whom we have heard about as "they"), attend Bishop's College School, and have just arrived. Both sides look upon this dance as a challenge or match. It has always been Compton versus B.C.S. in everything.

Well, anyway, to continue. The bell has just gone for the girls to line up in Forms, and to start down the front stairs. (The only time in the year that they can legally use them!) The theme around now is much like a take-off of that television program "Who do you Trust." Each girl and boy comes or is gently pushed forward and says, "Hello, my name is — — —" The only differences between

the T.V. program and this dreaded "pairing-off" is that there are not two imposters playing along with the real person! (Actually, even this I cannot guarantee as we always have at least one set of twins in the school just dying to pull a prank of some sort on an unsuspecting B.C.S. boy!) The bell which starts this chain of reactions is used rather appropriately here, as it signifies Round One.

This year, though, there is a slight innovation. Whoever heard of three competitions in a prize fight? In this case there are. An alien was just itching for some excitement, (and the girls were tired of doing the chasing!) Also, this alien wanted to move in on B.C.S. territory. (That's us, though the boys won't admit it!) This new rival was Stanstead, and for the first time in a long while, the boys at a King's Hall dance outnumbered the girls!

But enough, Round One is in full swing, (not to be taken literally!) The scene is slowly changing. It is progressing through the glass passage and on to the gym., which has been beautifully decorated by the VI A's who, as you can see, have put in a lot of hard work to get it just right. On your left you will see (no, not the opponents), the decorations! They consist of lovely Japanese lanterns and streamers with which the girls have managed to depict a beautiful Japanese scene. On our right is the band. Let's dance, shall we?

By now, the "competition" is in its Fifth Round. The Bunny Hop has made its way onto the scene and almost into the pool below! The enthusiastic spectators (and not Addison and Steele!) are hanging onto the side "ropes" for safety's sake.

Whew! We got through that one! I know you will never understand why children do such crazy dances as these; in fact we don't either, except that they are fun to do, and are a test of everyone's capability and agility.

Round Seven! None of the sides seem to be weakening. In fact, I think that the contest has even pepped up! (It must have been the punch served downstairs!) Look! They are twisting now; and look at that riotous, stiff, spastic type of dance. (Remember, you're all broad-minded people!) That is "the U.T.," the newest of the new dances. The ones "in the know" say it is even rougher on building supports than the Bunny Hop. Isn't that an achievement?

Round Nine, nearly over! The sides are not necessarily weakening, but their melting points have just about been reached. (The soft music and good supper did it!) Actually, I think the competitors have almost forgotten what they were fighting for.

That was the last dance; time for the boys to go. All in all, this match (or should I say these matches?) have gone quite well. Though some young hearts have been sadly disillusioned and others wish that they had not "chickened out" and gone upstairs early, their owners realize that there will be more "competitions" in the future with Compton versus B.C.S. versus Stanstead; (quite some odds for us girls, aren't there?)

Ring! There goes the bell for lights out and the finish of Round Ten. All will now be silent, (we hope!) The tearful eyes will dry and the thumping hearts will quieten for the night. By the way, no one won this "formal competition;" it was sort of, or rather, a Temporary Knock Out!

DODI HORNIG, Matric.

### ON SUNSETS

I think there is no better reason to go on living than just for the sheer and breath-taking joy of seeing the sun, all aglow, setting in the western sky. Each sunset is so completely different that you will never in your whole life see two the same. One night the sun might slip from a smooth blue sky, leaving a flood of orange hanging on the mountains. On another night it might thread a path through greyish clouds down the western part of a troubled sky. It leaves each sky faintly rosy, 'till at the horizon it stops and in all its red dying glory turns and salutes the watching eyes of the world, and then it vanishes. The sun might set over a forest, filling it with its wondrous light; you almost think the forest has been so inspired by the phenomenon it is witnessing that it is blazing out its applause. As the sun sets over water it builds a fiery highway that stretches out across the waves. It seems to give a means for any lost sunbeams to find a way home.

A sunset can be thought of in so very many ways. You can think of it as a god covering for only a few seconds a grey and unhappy world with divine colour before the inky blackness of night falls to obliterate all. It can be thought of as nature shining a bright light over the earth to check on all her trees, lakes and mountains before night creeps over them to conceal them from her view. A sunset should never be thought of as just another of the inexplicable things that happen every twenty-four hours in the life of a human being.

What would mankind do if the sun just hung constantly as a glaring yellowness in the sky? If the sun never again stole across the sky and gave its unique swan song before it died, would man miss this splendour that he so often takes for granted?

CLAUDIA DEWAR, Matric.

### WHAT WE WANT

What is an ordinary Canadian girl's image of a boy? Tall, dark, and handsome, the Tony Curtis type? If you go down to the local high school and have a good prowling around, there is small chance of your finding this prototype. Bob's glasses or Joe's mousy-coloured hair ruin the image. Underneath, Joe and Bob are the nicest boys on the campus.

Seriously, what does a girl want in a boy? We'll start from the outside and go in. To begin with, most girls of our age want a boy to be reasonably good looking. A tallish girl doesn't want to go to a dance with a very short boy. A girl wants a boy to dress well and neatly. She wants a boy to have good manners. I know that I feel something nice inside when a boy takes the trouble to pull out my chair, help me on with my coat, or walk on the outside of the sidewalk. A girl also wants a boy to have personality. He doesn't have to be bubbling over with personality, but a wet rag isn't a very exciting companion. She likes a boy with a sense of humour, who is able to say something witty when the time is right. She likes him to be kind and thoughtful, and to show kindness to people and animals. A girl who enjoys small things likes a boy who also finds pleasure in them. I like to walk across bridges, to see the sun rise in the country, and to do many other small things. I wouldn't want to go out with a boy who got pleasure in only going to the biggest parties or skiing at the most social places. Last, and most important of all, a girl wants respect from a boy. She doesn't want him to believe that she is his property.

Now we'll look at it from the other side of the picture. What does a boy look for in a girl? I don't think he expects every girl he meets to be a Sophia Loren or Marilyn Monroe. Do you? From what I've heard and from what boys have told me, I've gathered that a boy wants almost the same thing in a girl as a girl does in him. He wants her to dress well and to be neat. A boy should never see a girl in sloppy clothes or in rollers. Boys loathe long nails and trunk-like purses. A boy wants a girl with good manners. You can make a boy feel like a king by thanking him for every little thing he does for you. If you are on a dutch-date give your escort the money beforehand. It is embarrassing for him to have his way paid. All boys like to feel like the lord and protector.

Now girls and boys, go back to the high school or college, have another good look. You won't find many Marilyn Monroe's or Tony Curtis's, but you will more than likely find a very nice group of people.

FRANCES BUDDEN, Matric.



### DOODLING

I love to doodle! There is something dangerously satisfying about drawing silly pictures over all the telephone books, magazines and cigarette boxes. I think doodling helps to relieve the strain of thinking and more time should be provided during classes for pacifying the mind. Can't you see it? First the teacher asks a question; then down go the heads as the hands frantically scribble; and then the answer. A wrong one? Oh gollywogs! Well, this isn't a one-hundred-percent foolproof method, and I am the first to admit it.

Oh, but how can I describe the unsurpassable joy that I get out of turning saints into villains, thieves into noblemen and paupers into rich men, merely by adding a few touches to pictures? Transferring people into different walks of life is so easy to do! Just follow these simple instructions! First hunt up in your history text a perfect picture of a saint, sharpen your pencil (preferably a dark one) and you're off. First black in a moustache, add a beard, turn the eyebrows down, slant the eyes, scatter a few wrinkles, hollow out the cheeks, and point the head. There, it's finished, and you've added another "famous" villain to your history books.

Another marvellous recreational centre for the doodler is the restaurant, with those paper mats conveniently describing exactly where you are (just in case you had any doubts). I find that my hand acts strangely, in fact as though it were a nerve centre to my imagination, which is soon transferred to the whole surface of the mats. How exciting it is to doodle pictures of the customers who squirm with embarrassment when they glimpse a few uncomplimentary lines as they walk past my table.

You do not have to go abroad to doodle, however; you can "do it at home." Flowery wall paper attracts me and my trusty ally the pencil as a magnet does nails. In fact, five hundred and seventy-two mornings of waking up to the sight of stiff roses was once enough to put me into action. Soon my bedroom wall was a mass of dragons eating roses and roses devouring dragons!

In his fight for freedom the doodler has many enemies, such as teachers interested in preserving the dignity of history, mothers interested in preserving the "beauty" of wall paper, and so on. Struggling doodlers, you have my full sympathy. As for the manufacturers of telephone books, magazines, and cigarette boxes, beware when I'm around, as I remain your enemy for life!

NICOLA DRUCE, Matric.

### THE BEST OF GRAPEFRUIT

Eating grapefruit anytime of the day is fine, except at breakfast. Just picture it. You drag yourself out of your warm cozy bed into the freezing cold of the room just in time to throw your clothes on and flop into the dining-room before grace has been said. Everything has gone wrong. Your toothpaste froze, you lost your tie and ended up using a sash, and on top of it all, the first thing you see as you bow your head for grace is a big pink juicy grapefruit smiling up at you.

You sit down with a sleepy, dejected air and pick up your spoon to begin the unwelcome attack. Before you have a chance to protect yourself, the girl next to you, who is wide awake, gaily plunges her soup spoon into the unsuspecting grapefruit. The grapefruit naturally retaliates and spat! right in your eye. You jerk back and are about to snap out some rude remark, when spat! spat! you are hit again. Quietly you put down your spoon to wait until everyone has finished, but invariably the Staff wanders over to tell you to eat your 'delicious grapefruit.' Again you pick up your spoon and make the fatal plunge. Splash! Grapefruit juice drips noiselessly off your face.

With this sticky task over you settle down to have a nice piece of cold toast and jam, but alas, there seems to be a predominating taste of grapefruit. With out thinking, you take a huge gulp of milk which, of course, turns sour half way down your throat.

The next problem is trying to clear your place. The antics you go through trying to stack your dishes with a huge peel to put somewhere are quite amusing, especially if you're not completely awake. Plate, bowl, glass is the usual order of stacking, but if you have a grapefruit peel, where do you put it? Upside down over the glass so that it looks like a mushroom, or with the glass inside it so that it looks like a glass standing in a grapefruit peel? Exactly where do you put it? You finally decide to try to squeeze it into the glass. You gingerly fold it and try gently to put it in, but it just won't go and the glass slips closer to the edge of the table. You ask your cheery neighbour to hold the glass while with sticky hands you force the peel in, even if it does object and try to pop out. There, you've done it and the first smile of the day slowly lightens your face. You walk triumphantly to the kitchen.

The one good thing about having grapefruit for breakfast is that although you get gummed up and are a little bleary-eyed from too much juice in the face, you are wide awake and ready for early class.

MARGOT COWEN, Matric.

### HUSH! THE VOICE OF THE DIVA!

Can anyone tell me what there is about a shower that always gives me the urge to sing? Why is it that the mere sight of that impassive tin cubicle never fails to make me want to practise for an audition with M.G.M.? I know it isn't solely the noise of the running water because no sooner do I pull back the plastic shower curtain and place my soap and facecloth on the shiny chrome soap-dish than my vocal cords seem to untangle and I start humming the refrain of what is to be my first rendition. Then by the time I have hung up my towel within easy grabbing distance and placed one foot on the cold slimy floor, I am well into the first verse and, I might add, singing it at the top of my lungs.

After carefully considering my repertoire, I find that it is divided into four classes. First are the songs I sing when I am in a particularly patriotic mood. This mood, which I find is generally the result of an over-stimulating history class, wherein we have managed to shift the topic of discussion from modern European History to Current Canadian Politics, sometimes even including a debate entitled "Diefenbaker versus Pearson," inspires me to sing such gems as "Alouette" or "The Maple Leaf Forever." On a day when I haven't received any letters and my mood is a rather dissipated one, my songs generally run along the line of "I Want to be Wanted," or "I'm just a lonely Teen-ager." If, on the other hand, I have just had a particularly enjoyable day, if a very special letter from an even more special person has finally arrived, or even if I've just passed a French test and am consequently in an elated mood, the tempo changes and my songs range from "Love Makes the World go Round" to "Melodie d'Amour." My last and most common mood is the one of general content which comes as the result of a perfectly average, not abnormally depressing day. The songs in this collection are rather a motley assemblage including calypsos, camp songs, folksongs, and current favourites from the hit parade, all of which I gaily blast out, with, I am ashamed to say, complete disregard for my neighbours' acoustic organs.

However, the question still remains. Why am I possessed of this insurmountable desire to sing while I'm taking a shower, and why, when in the shower, am I suddenly enabled to hit the highest and lowest notes with such comparative ease — (comparative to my usual, ex-shower, standard of singing)? Is it that I am one of those innately shy people who clam up whenever they sing in public? Am I never at home except when encased in this

enamelled tin can with only the fishes on the shower curtain to watch and sympathize with my efforts? I hope not, for plastic fishes do not make very inspiring or stimulating companions.

Maybe it is that I have an inferiority complex and can't bear to have anything drown the sound of my voice. Or would that be a superiority complex? Have I got something inside me that tells me I must outshine, outmerit and outsing everyone and everything I meet? No, that could never be it because otherwise I wouldn't have failed in my algebra this term.

Perhaps the reason for these strange but irresistible outbursts is the thought that I will soon be so beautifully clean. No, that obviously isn't the answer either, because one of my favourite shower songs happens to be "Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud." For fear that these unseemly warblings might indicate some dreadful mental state, I decided to carry on a full scale search for their reason and so discover the worst about myself. After pondering upon the question for several days, I finally, in despair, turned to the library and there, to my relief, found a book by Sir James Jeans entitled "The Mathematics of Music." How consoling to discover that there is no disturbing psychological reason for my singing at all and that everyone has this desire to sing in the shower. Can I help it that I have a little more than my full share? Briefly, the sound waves of one's voice rebound off the shower walls (or something like that) and sound far sweeter and fuller to us than when lost, for instance, in a concert hall. They sound so sweet and full, in fact, that we just can't help repeating the performance.

Thus —

"Chantez, chantez, sing a little Paris song,  
Chantez, chantez, everybody sing along,  
Let's all sing when any little thing goes wrong.  
Toodle oodle o, Toodle oodle eh  
Everyone chantez."

ESTHER FRANKLIN, Matric.

### LINES

Love is above the common thing,  
But love is simple.  
Love is to hear the bluebird sing,  
Or to see a smiling girl's dimple.

Love does not come from the mouth  
In an array of magnificent words;  
Love is in a house,  
Or heard in the singing birds.



Love is seen in many things—  
Through the toasts of a clear glass,  
In a parade of royal kings,  
In the people — en masse.

But if your heart is filled with love,  
You'll know it in many ways.  
It may be silent as a sleeping dove,  
But it will fill your days.

DI - LIN McLERNON, Matric.

### DREAMS OF SUMMER

Summer is the season of my reveries. Now, in February, while the snow is hurling itself from the skies and the wind howls threateningly down from the north chasing every living thing shivering into a warm retreat, I dream of summer.

I dream of the music of a choir of birds at sunrise. I think of getting up especially to greet the sun as it climbs above the horizon in fiery red and golden array. In my imagination I watch the smoky mist move silently across a calm lake, or I gaze at the heavenly reflection of clouds, hills and trees in the peaceful water. I hear the occasional splash of a fish jumping, and see the ripples circling to the shore, and I listen to the drone of insects in the noon heat. Oh! for a dip in the fresh, chilled water after a sunbathe just before lunch. I long to hear the resilient sound of a diving board and the laughter of children playing in the water. When I remember the smell of a forest freshly drenched with rain and the feel of the damp leaves and grass under bare feet, my spine tingles. I can almost sense the joy and excitement of a violent summer storm after an oppressively hot day — the growling of thunder, followed by even louder thunder claps. I can see the rain pelting down on the lake, hard and incessant, silver against the dark sky. I watch the sombre clouds move across the heavens, and see the first rays of the sun spreading a glorious radiance over the soaked earth and creating a brilliant, multi-coloured rainbow. In the hush of evening, when the crimson ball of fire has sunk to rest, I can hear the frogs croaking in the swamp and the crickets chirping, and when I lie in bed at night I strain to hear the far-away song of a whippoorwill.

My thoughts of summer are shattered now by a burst of hail strumming on the window pane and I repeat to myself Shakespeare's words, "Soft! I did but dream."

SHIREEN FINCH, Matric.

### AGAINST CONFORMITY

Conformity is agreement, or the imitating of people's ways of dressing, speaking, thinking, and living. People are losing the art of making up their own minds, using their imaginations, and having their own opinions.

Take fashions, for instance; many times have I seen a woman five feet broad wearing flashy, horizontal stripes and a bouffant hair style, simply because the "cover girl" on last month's Vogue appeared like that. Why don't people dress in a style that suits them? Instead of wearing a slimming sheath, Mrs. Toothpick would have looked much more attractive in a shirt-waist. Similarly, Mrs. Elephantitis, when she went to the beach would have seemed a hundred pounds lighter had she worn a conservative bathing suit instead of an undersized bikini. But no! These women must conform to the latest mode, no matter how unbecoming it may be to them. Perhaps they feel a certain "live-up-to-the-Jonesness" or competitiveness with other fashionable women. Perhaps they are discontented and unhappy and think if they dress like others and style their hair like the majority, they will automatically feel like them — like normal, happy women.

Conformity is seen in opinions as well as in taste. It is easier and more comfortable to remain silent, surrounded by your silent friends, simply thinking about your feelings on a subject than it is to stand up and contradict a statement or give your ideas in a meeting or lecture. If, for instance, all the "gang" except you want to send away for the "Roy Roger's Picture Album" with the box-tops you've been saving for months, it would be much simpler and safer to agree to the Roy Rogers than to go through the rigamarole of telling your friends why you think something else would be better. If, at a party, the group decided that it would be a riot to wake up all the elderly people in the neighbourhood by 'phoning them anonymously it would take courage not to conform and agree to their wild scheme, and say that you didn't think this was a good idea. Your attitude might bring unpopularity; you might not be invited to the next party, and to most teenagers that is a fate worse than death.

There are, of course, people known as non-conformists. With most of these I agree. Not quite rebelling, they follow their own incentives and to a certain extent their own whims. These people have the courage to break away from silly trends and traditions. It is possible, however, for people to be pseudo non-conformists, affecting non-conformity

superficially to gain attention. These people are simply deceiving themselves as well as others. Those who think they are beatniks, but really are not, are the best example of this type. To be "different" they wear black, grow beards, drink coffee by the gallon even if it makes them sick, and read poetry they don't understand.

On the whole, however, most people are conformists, and conformists will not try anything new for fear it will make them ridiculous in the eyes of their friends. They will not break away from some old, impractical method in case someone might laugh at them. They forget how to make decisions because for so long they have been waiting for someone else to make the first move. Just think what a dull, carbon-copy world we would be living in now if some of our ancestors and even some of us, had not been just a little "zany," or non-conformist.

MARY CAPE, Matric.

### THE QUESTION

As I sat down before the radio on the most comfortable chair in the room, my knitting on my lap, the dishes in the sink and the beds unmade, I prepared to listen to the familiar "Good morning, tired housewives, don't bother about your dirty dishes or unmade beds. It's ten-thirty once again and time to listen to another exciting instalment of 'The Life of Laura Lee' brought to you by Ever-So-Eazzy Sink Cleaner. And now a word from our sponsor—"

As the familiar words rang in my ear I thought "Boy, you certainly hit the nail on the head when you said 'leave the dishes' etc.! and the nail won't be the only thing hit on the head if my husband comes home now and sees me in this state."

"Now, ladies, if you remember, we left dear Laura on the front veranda anxiously awaiting the mailman. She was expecting that letter which would contain that very important message. Would she be accepted as a beauty counsellor at the large Gum Department store in Honolulu where Jim was manager? And now back to the story — after a word from our sponsor."

I picked up my knitting and began to wonder how many "tired housewives" like myself were sitting down while beds were still unmade. That point always nagged at me! Really, it was ridiculous just hanging there in suspense. If the letter said "No" she wasn't accepted, then the whole series would end because Jim and Laura are the two main characters and must be together 'til the end of March at least because that is how long the newspapers say "The Ever-So-Eazzy Sink Cleaner

Company" holds the contract for this programme.

Then the mournful voice of Laura cut into my thoughts. "Oh, Puddles, what will I do if the letter doesn't come today?"

The excited barking of her dog told her the postman was approaching. "Mornin', Miss Laura," he said. "I think I have that letter."

"And now a word from our sponsor." The monotonous voice of the announcer cut in. The suspense was nerve-wracking, but so was the fact that the beds were still unmade. As I sat there I wondered what the women of Red China did to waste their time. Surely such nonsense isn't broadcast by the Communist Stations. I satisfied myself that they hadn't any spare time and if they had, they probably trained for active service in the submarine corps.

"And now back to our story."

"Mother, Mother, the letter! The answer! I can go."

Dead silence, frantic sobs.

"My dear, dear little girl, I shall lose you."

I guess all mothers act that way from the time their first doll gets a terrible fever to the time their last daughter walks down the aisle dressed in white. By the time my mind had rejoined the story, Laura was on the boat for Honolulu.

"And now a word . . ." And the exciting episode was over for another day.

What attracts educated females to listen to such uninformative entertainment? Fifteen minutes would be better spent with the "Decline and Fall" by Gibbon. The voice of the announcer returned as I frantically tried to retrieve the stitches dropped in the moments of action.

"And now, ladies, for the question of the day. If it is answered correctly you will receive a large can of Ever-So-Eazzy Sink Cleaner courtesy of the sponsor. What is the name of Laura's dog?"

My whole purpose in listening was now fulfilled. I knew the answer to the question of the day, and now to make the beds.

SUSAN CLARK, Matric.

### PICTURE CREDITS

Good for that "English Complexion" . . . . . JANET BURGOYNE  
The Halls of Higher Learning . . . . . JANET BURGOYNE  
Some Matrics, know how to relax . . . . . JANET BURGOYNE  
Anyone for a relay? . . . . . PAM FLETCHER  
Saturday afternoons are often cool . . . . . PATSY BALLOCH  
Sometimes they are warm . . . . . PAM FLETCHER  
Here's to the House! Hallow'e'en Supper . . . JANET BURGOYNE  
Compton's "Hilary" . . . . . JANET BURGOYNE  
Be prepared . . . . . JANET BURGOYNE  
Name your requests . . . . . JANET BURGOYNE  
Sometimes the Matrics, do "dress"! . . . . . JANET BURGOYNE





# VI A

## VI A FORM REPORT

From our point of view, if not from everyone else's, VI A seems to have had a pretty successful year. We got off to a good start by electing Jane Stewart as Form Captain, and Elizabeth Stikeman as Sports Captain. These two piloted us skilfully through the many and varied activities of the first term.

Among our activities the first term was the renowned "Tea Dance" at B.C.S., at which VI A was well represented. For the annual Hallowe'en celebrations, VI A produced an impromptu skit on "Romance through the Ages." Our Christmas party was also well up to standard. Charlotte MacLatchy's and Andrea Newman's birthday cakes, generously donated for the occasion, were accompanied by soft drinks, and stockings were exchanged throughout the class.

VI A also showed good judgment the second term, in electing Bridget Blackader and Margie Webster respectively for Form and Sports Captains.

VI A initiative was tried again, as we had to provide the decorations for the school's annual dance, commonly termed "The Formal." We had hardly begun the decorations before we were told we had barely a week in which to finish them. The theme was originally to be an elaborate Japanese scene, but we had to modify this because of limited time, and the finished effect was somewhat simpler than we had originally intended it to be.

This seems to have been a record year for skiing at King's Hall, and VI A was duly enthusiastic. As well as going to Hillcrest once a week, and occasionally more, VI A's frequented the farm hill as well. VI A also provided a substantial number of skaters on the rink, and several competitors in the Badminton Tournaments.

The third term Charlotte MacLatchy and Andrea Jellicoe were elected Form and Sports Captains. These two are also respectively Advertising and Form Representative for the school magazine.

When we arrived back at school after the Easter holidays, we were greeted with the news that the Red Cross night would be the first Sunday of term. This rather startled us, but as everyone was busily rushing around, trying to get her piece of handi-

work finished, we were told that the event had been postponed for two weeks. We managed, however, to put up a pretty good display, thanks to Marcella Vickers, our Red Cross representative.

Our sincerest thanks to Miss Morris, our Form Mistress, who has helped us and kept us in line throughout the year.

ANDREA JELlicoe, VI A.



## THE TYRANNY OF FASHION

(Speech given in Sherbrooke at the semi-finals of the Public Speaking competition sponsored by the McGill Alumni Society)

What is fashion to us? To most of us it is simply a question of picking out clothes which are presentable and comfortable. But to some — Fashion is the occupation of a lifetime. This occupation goes back for centuries. Today, when we think of Fashion, we think of centres like Paris, London, or New York. But did you know that the first fashion centre was in Burgundy, in the fifteenth century?

Through the years the most fashionable clothes have been the most uncomfortable, and it is interesting to think back to what women have had to endure to make themselves stylish.

Let us pick out a few periods in history when that Tyrant, Fashion, has been the most despotic. In fact, I think that the Tyrant's chief advisers, the designers, are really sadistic women-haters!

The Elizabethan period was one of the most uncomfortable. As Shakespeare put it, "A city woman — that is a merchant's wife — bears the cost of princes on unworthy shoulders." The Elizabethan woman was literally weighted down from head to foot with heavy clothes and unwieldy ornaments. She wore two dresses over iron hoops. The embroidered overdress was usually open in front showing the plainer underdress. The materials used were heavy and bulky. To add to the discomfort, waists were very tightly corseted. In this period necks were also tortured. The great ruffs which were



to be in fashion for so long began to make their appearance. They soon reached enormous proportions. Women who wore these "millstone frills," as they were called, had to turn completely to talk to anyone beside or behind them.

In addition to this, as we can see from pictures of Queen Elizabeth, the hair was built up and bedecked with jewels which must have been very irritating. However, it seems that the Queen was a willing slave.

It was another queen, Marie Antoinette of France, who encouraged later generations of women to submit to the Tyrant's next unreasonable outburst. Seldom has fashion been more cruel than in the eighteenth century. It reached its peak just before the French Revolution. Fashion now went to extremes. Crinolines, for instance, were flat in front and back but thrust out at the side, giving dresses a very broad, flat look. Women wearing these dresses had to sidle through doors! Hair was done in towering coiffures, standing as high as two feet above the head. These "hair-do's" took so much time and preparation that a lady would have her hair "done" only once every few weeks, depending on her maid "to touch it up" in between times. At night, the poor lady had to sleep wearing a large cotton bonnet tied under her chin. Sitting in her coach was also a problem, and many a lady went to a ball on her knees — there to dance the hours away with her feet squeezed into shoes several sizes too small, for the Tyrant had decreed — "Small Feet."

In the age of revolution when all tyrants were toppled from their thrones and society went "back to Nature" our Tyrant, too, retired — for a little while. Jane Austen and her friends all wore simple, natural styles, but the tyrants all came back — and with them, Fashion.

All through the nineteenth century Fashion had his inexorable grip on women. This was the age of the "wasp waist." As a result, the pages of Dickens and Thackeray are strewn with swooning ladies and smelling salts.

In our democratic century, when every woman is fashion-conscious, the Dictator still rules our lives, but he has gradually ceased to torture our bodies. His last stronghold, so to speak, was our heads. In the twenties he invented that fiendish instrument — the permanent wave machine, but it did not last very long. Today, in the sixties, the worst we have to suffer is sleeping on brush rollers. Aren't we fortunate that our Tyrant has become a Benevolent Despot, an iron hand in a velvet glove?

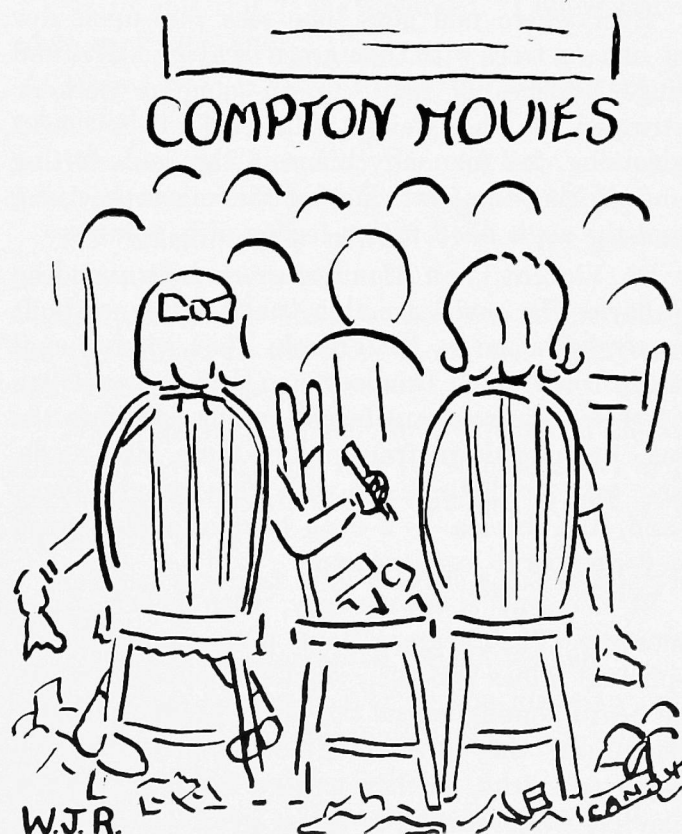
BRIDGET BLACKADER, VI A.

## THE NIGHT

Have you ever thought to yourselves that the end of night may be just as captivating as the beginning of day? Well, it really is, as I discovered this summer when I stayed awake to experience the ending of night and the awakening of dawn. It had always been my ambition to do this.

Picture yourself on a small island inhabited by one family — take your own family. You are going outside to sit on your favourite rock, right by the shore of the lake. The time is about twelve o'clock late in the month of August, and you are sitting there, thinking of all the gifts God has given us, one being the beauty of night and day. You gaze at the starry sky that looks like a platter of diamonds, and wonder how it is possible that so many stars could fill the sky. The golden harvest moon sails slowly up from behind the mountains, and as it reaches its peak, the moonlight shimmers upon the motionless water. As the hours go by, mist forms over the lake, and the moon disappears below the horizon as the darkness turns gradually to faint grey. The sky changes to a white mass of clouds, and the once-still lake now has ripples from the soft, early-dawn breeze. The hungry birds are chirping for their breakfast and the flowers open their petals with pearls of dew dripping off them. The sun appears like a ball of fire, and gives off its rays of burning heat. Thus begins another day, and ends a glorious night.

MARCELLA VICKERS, VI A.



### IMPRESSIONS OF ST. VINCENT (A Speech given before the School)

To-night, I would like to show you some of the many beauties of the island of St. Vincent in the West Indies. These are sights which have their own special beauty, not to be compared to any others.

A full moon is one of the most awesome and gratifying of the wonders. The huge pale yellow globe appears very early in the evening and gradually creeps across the sky until it reaches its glorious climax over the roof of the semi-dormant volcano Soufrière. Its splendour is shown through thin wisps of clouds which add a spice of mystery and romance to the sky.

But a full moon is by no means the only beauty of St. Vincent, for the whole island is a paradise of tropical flora. The palm trees with their lacy fronds sway to and fro in the never-ceasing whisper of a cool island breeze. The flamboyant trees stand very straight and tall with their glorious red blossoms; they seem to light up the sky as if it were on fire. The mingled fragrances of gardenias and limes and oranges fill the air with a sweet perfume. Everywhere there is a chatter of tropical birds and animals enjoying life on their beautiful island.

In many places on St. Vincent enormous waterfalls cascade to small rivers which very shortly join the Carribean Sea. These waterfalls, as well as being beautiful, supply the plantation owners with water and power to operate their mills.

Everywhere one goes, one sees row upon row of banana trees with their green swaying leaves and huge bunches of fruit. Cocoa-coloured workers, stripped to the waist, with their dark backs gleaming, toil for many hours in the fields sorting and picking the fruit. During their task they sing and the air is filled with a feeling of happiness.

St. Vincent is an island of green hills and deep valleys. The roads are thin snake-like lanes built many years ago by the French. They wind around sharp corners and thin ledges so that one travelling on them is in constant fear of falling over into the sea. Looking down from one of these high roads, one can see little bays with thin grayish-black sand, and the sea — a deep turquoise-blue which never seems to lose its lustre.

St. Vincent is always gay, with never a dull moment. The Negroes have many political and spiritual rallies and their shouts of enthusiasm can be heard coming across the hushed quiet of night. Sometimes they are trying to get in touch with departed spirits. In their excited frenzies, they are like live wires waiting to be set free.

Very often all over the island there are fêtes, or as we call them, parties. Two important Festival times are Carnival in February when the people dress up in colourful costumes and parade in the streets, and August Monday which marks the day the slaves were freed from slavery.

Kingstown, not Kingston as many people call it, is the capital of St. Vincent on the leeward side of the island. It is a town of tiny alleys and small shops. On one side is the sea with a new harbour under construction and on the other side are mountains. Saturday is the important day in Kingstown when estate owners and natives alike come to do their shopping. The market places bustle with the sounds of hurrying people. Everywhere shouts of greeting and more often of argument ring out in the West Indian accent. There are few large stores, most being small shops opening into the streets. Supplies are limited and expensive here, for they must be brought in from England or neighbouring islands.

One cannot leave St. Vincent without visiting the Botanical Gardens. They contain a collection of every imaginable type of tropical plant and the impression they give is one never to be forgotten. Here Captain Bligh planted his famous breadfruit tree.

Your first meal on St. Vincent may sound like an assortment of odd names and weird dishes, but on sampling them you will find one as delicious as the next. Breadfruit is a staple here as potatoes are with us. Although it is of a whitish colour, a breadfruit is the size and consistency as a turnip. However, its taste is unique. Old and young alike drink the native liquor of the West Indies, rum, in rum punch which takes the place of lemonade in this country.

From the moment you step on this island until you leave it you feel as if you were in a fantastic dream from which you wish never to be awakened. But all too soon this delight is over and you must return to the cold north. As you look back on your adventure, you remember it as a beautiful mirage never to be forgotten.

MARGARET WEBSTER, VI A.





### THE MIRACLE

Mat woke up with a start. A bucket of soapy water was being poured on his head! He looked up to see where the water was coming from. Towering above him was a burly, ugly-looking woman, staring down at him with a sneer on her lips.

"Hey, get outta here! We don't like niggahs; they clutter up our city. Get outta here!"

Scenes like this were taking place all over the Southern States in the late 1950's.

Mat glared at this woman with such a look of pure hatred on his face that it would have shocked anyone. He then stood up, yawned as if taunting her, and sullenly turned on his heel and lumbered down the street.

"And see ya stay outta here," echoed the voice of the coarse woman.

One could tell just from looking at Mat the thoughts that raced through his mind. How he hated the white people! They had mistreated him ever since he could remember, and he was now twelve years old. His mother and father had worked for white people, and they had been no better than the rest. His mother had died, toiling for them, and his father had been killed in an uprising against them! Then he had been sent to an orphanage. The woman who ran this institution had not been kind either, as might have been expected of a woman who had in her hands the responsibility of so many children. His two years there had been miserable and full of resentment, and just last night he had run away! He had wandered around for what seemed like hours, and finally he had just lain down and gone to sleep on the marble stairs of the big house. Where was he to go now? That, he just didn't know.

He walked on and on, paying no attention to time or direction. Suddenly, unexpectedly, a gang of little boys ran out of a back yard pelting rocks at him. Mat started to run down an alley, feeling the sting of the small stones hitting his back and hearing the exuberant cheers of the boys as each rock struck him. On he ran, not stopping until he could no longer hear the shouts. Finally, when he could run no farther, he lay down in the deep grass on the side of the road and began to cry.

Suddenly a big hand was laid on his shoulder. Mat looked up and saw a pair of very kindly blue eyes looking down at him, full of compassion.

"Get away from me, you - you - you white!" Mat screamed.

But the big man with the blue eyes just sat down beside Mat and began to talk.

"How old are you, son, and what's your name?" he asked.

Mat just couldn't keep down a reply because the man seemed so kind.

"I'm twelve and my name's Mat, suh."

"That's a nice name, and where are you from?"

That is what started the conversation between the two. At first it had been difficult for Mat to talk to this man, but now the words just seemed to slip out, pulled as if by a magnet.

By now the man knew Mat's history, all about the orphanage, and even about this morning's experience.

"Come son," said the man, "we're going to that orphanage!"

"No, suh! Please don't take me there!" whimpered Mat.

"Come along! Don't worry!" the man replied.

Mat walked slowly along with the man. He had complete trust in him now. Soon they reached the orphanage. They walked in through the old green door that was so familiar to Mat — into the little dingy, smelly room that represented the office.

"Who is it?" cackled an old voice from the back.

Neither Mat nor the man could see the speaker, it was so dark in here after the bright outside, but then a skinny, wicked-looking old lady stumbled over to them.

"So it's you, is it?" she screamed. "I knew you'd come back, you know."

"Ma'm, may I speak to you for a moment?" requested the man.

"Who're you?" cackled the old lady, noticing for the first time the big man who stood by Mat.

"Do come into my office!" Her voice was all peaches and cream now.

Mat waited for what seemed like hours while the two talked in the back room, but finally the door squeaked open.

"Mat," the man smiled, "how would you like to come and live with me, in a big house? I live in a place way up north called Canada. Would you like it, Mat?"

Mat just gazed at him, his face a mask of sheer unbelief.

"Well, Mat?" interrupted the old woman.

With that, Mat ran over to the big man and buried his head in the man's arms. This was his word of consent.

CHERYL McDERMID, VI A.

### THE BEACH

It was a bleak August day and the wind tossed occasional drops of rain over me. The sandy path I was following was flanked by stiff eel-grass, and as I turned a bend in the path, the wind blew more strongly in my face, for the field of waving grass had ended, and before me stretched an expanse of sand, wet and flattened by the rain. Beyond the sand I saw the sea, not with gentle, rolling waves and soft, splashing breakers, but with huge, dark rollers bursting on the sand with a roar. I felt something inside me akin to awe for the sea, for here was the fury of nature unchained, and man was powerless against it. Down the beach lay proof to the sea's strength, for there was a battered lobster pot and the broken hull of a weather-worn fishing dory. As the taste of salty spray on my lips urged me to come closer to the water, I began to follow the edge of the sea, looking for shells as I walked, but all had been shattered by the rough waves. Suddenly, the sand I had been walking on stopped, and I felt coarse pebbles beneath my feet. I realized that I had walked almost to "Black Point," the headland jutting out into Northumberland Strait. This point was formed by many huge grey rocks, which were perfect for climbing over or hiding under. As I approached a rock to climb it, I discovered I wasn't the only person who enjoyed "mountain-climbing," for the face of a small girl appeared on the other side. When I climbed to the top to meet her, I noticed that she was wearing a bright yellow slicker several sizes too big for her. The legs visible below the long coat were clad in tattered blue-jeans, but all she wore on her feet was a coating of sand. Long dark hair framed her pretty young face, and her cheeks, pink from exercise, puffed as she caught her breath.

I did not know her but I smiled, and she said, "HI." Realizing that I was a stranger to her, she giggled shyly and ran off to join her friends whom I could see in the distance. After several minutes of climbing they all disappeared out of sight, and I was left alone again.

Looking away from the sea, I saw that where the rocks met the land, steep cliffs rose, and, set back from the cliff-edge were several cottages, quiet and cool in the damp rain. These reminded me that I should be heading home. I decided to take a route home different from the way I had come. I climbed to the top of the cliff and looked down on the sand, sea, and rocks below. I could hear the distant crash of the waves far below me, and it seemed to call me back. I didn't want to leave this place, but I knew it was time to go. Only one thing was a

comfort to me: the sea would still be there tomorrow, and for a thousand tomorrows.

CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY, VI A.

### A VISIT TO CHURCH

I had entered silently by the old oak door in the west wing of the church; no one had heard me. Everything was the same — the same soft green carpet, the same golden splashes of light from the same long, hanging lamps. From where I stood, back in the last row of pews, I could hear nothing but the furtive rustlings of a few curious mice. The pews were dark and cold, but I could remember who sat in every one.

Moving silently, I walked farther on up the aisle. As I came closer to the front of the church, I became aware of the minister and an altar-boy moving across the altar, preparing for the next service. The minister, in long black flowing robes and the boy in a short blue starched cassock, flitted around, hovering over the polished silver chalices to polish them once more. The branched, twisted silver candle-sticks held slender tapers which gave off a sweet odour. There were two delicate silver vases filled with white chrysanthemums.

At last the minister and the altar-boy turned, satisfied that every possible thing had been done to set all the silver, gold, and brass to twinkling and gleaming. Together they bowed, and left through the little door into the organ-room.

The spotless white altar cloth glowed goldenly in the light from the gently swinging lamps. There were fifty-seven links in each chain and eight opaque honey-coloured panes of glass in each lamp. I remembered counting them on a Good Friday, when we all had to go to church for three hours.

How quiet and peaceful everything was! I took my old seat cautiously, remembering, too, the odd squeak it used to have after the summer when we all had come back and found the church in damp disuse. There was no squeak now, and I noticed that the frayed old kneeling cushion, which used to leave curious leaf-like impressions on my knees, had been replaced by an unworn red velvet one.

Somewhere back in the wing another door opened and a cool draught blew around my knees. Shuffling footsteps approached and I tried to remember whose they were. Surely, I could not have forgotten the unforgettable rhythm of shuffle, step; shuffle, shuffle, step. Why it could only be old Jeff, the caretaker, on one of his innumerable trips.

He told me once that he had been around the church at least a thousand times, but I supposed



that he had doubled that number by now. Up through the West Chapel, across the nave, around the east wing, and down through the vestry to the cellar! His old route! He limped — slowly, painfully, and laboriously — an old man now, much more bent than before, his bad leg dragging more than ever. His lantern swung jerkily in his right hand while his left helped to support him against the stone pillars.

Haltingly he stumbled up the aisle, sat down slowly in one of the pews and put his lantern on the floor beside him. He sat for a minute, catching his breath and gazing at the beautiful altar. Finally he lunged to his feet in the same peculiar rocking motion he used in walking, and moved reluctantly up to the altar.

He reached just inside the little door to the organ-room and brought out the silver candle-snuffer. With a wavering step he approached the altar and snuffed out the candles one by one, like tiny stars pinched out of existence by some huge hand. Awkwardly he retrieved his lantern and moved back down the aisle, his shadow swaying crazily, grotesquely distorted on the damp stone pillars. Around the east wing and through the vestry to the cellar. I could still hear his shuffle, step; shuffle, shuffle, step.

SHEILA SALMOND, VI A.

### AN ANONYMOUS 'PHONE CALL

"Ah," thought Norah, as she relaxed in the tub enjoying the scent of her bath oil, "it's so nice to be able to take it easy in a soothing bath after a long morning's work."

Then, as she had expected, the faithful old telephone rang. "Oh, I won't bother with it," she said to herself, closing her eyes to try to forget the persistent ringing, but finding the noise even louder. She wondered who was calling.

"It couldn't be anyone important . . . could it? . . . Ted is away in Toronto at a medical convention and the children are still at school. . ."

Norah let the sponge soak up the warm liquid and then squeezed it, letting the water run down the back of her neck.

Four, five, six times, she counted the persistent rings. "Oh goodness," she thought, "maybe something terrible has happened to one of the children. Maybe Pam has caught Sara's mumps and the school nurse is calling to tell me."

Norah sighed heavily, awakened from her drowsy peace, stepped out of the bath slowly, weak from heat, and, wrapping a fleecy towel around her

slender body, proceeded to her bedroom to answer the call.

She picked up the 'phone, and said "Hello." The voice answered on the other end in a desperate tone, "Help, 7443 Upper. . ."

Then there was nothing but a faint breathing on the other end.

Norah cried into the receiver, "Hello, who's there? 7443 Upper what? Please, try to answer!"

A scarcely audible whisper was heard. "Upper Belmont . . . hurry!"

Norah heard the line click and without hesitation called the General Hospital. The number came quickly to her mind, for she had called Ted there many times. She hastily gave Mrs. Barker, the day nurse, the necessary information, telling her it was a matter of "life or death!"

As the children soon arrived home for lunch, Norah had no time to spare until after they had left. Washing up the dishes, she wondered, "What happened to that poor man? I can't help it; I'll have to call the hospital to find out how he is."

She hurried to the 'phone. "Good afternoon," Norah greeted Mrs. Barker. "How is the man I called you about this morning?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Day, you mean the old plumber on Upper Belmont? He was saved just in time, poor dear. He had suffered a heart attack. He's now resting in an oxygen tent. I think he'll be fine. Probably too much physical strain for his heart."

Norah, weak with relief, slowly lowered herself into a chair and murmured, "What would have happened if I had not answered the 'phone?"

DERYL DAWES, VI A.

### INTERLUDE

The bombing had left the Cathedral bare and dusty, full of rubble from the north wall. The big stained glass window hung in pieces, and coloured glass suspended on tiny wires fell every now and then to the stone floor beside the great entrance in the western wall.

Through the eastern window the rising sun threw a shaft of light, throwing the shadow of the crucifix upon the dusty floor; this beam fell on the aisle, giving the church a still more serene and peaceful feeling.

In the front row three visitors knelt, all strangers to one another and completely different in appearance.

They all mumbled the same prayer. "Please God don't let him die."

The woman on the far right was fairly old, and dressed for colder weather. A big red jacket hung

loosely over her shoulders and a plaid scarf, still wet with snow, was wrapped around her head. Large mittens warmed her hands, which occasionally were lifted to wipe her tear stained face and red eyes. She wore no make-up, and her long hair was rolled up in a neat bun.

On the same bench, but farther to the left, knelt a young lady newly-married and dressed in fashionable clothing. Leather gloves clutched a handkerchief and an old blue hymn and prayer book. Furry boots matched her black hat and went nicely with her camel-hair coat. She constantly wiped her eyes. She did not care that she smudged her lipstick or ruined her other make-up.

The third worshipper was not really kneeling, but was sitting on the bench, leaning over, feet on hassock and head between his hands. His navy blue winter coat with big gold buttons was fastened up to his thin chin, and the pointed high collar hid his cold red ears. His white hair clung to his thin head, still pressed from his naval officer's cap, which he had removed upon entering church. When he lifted his head from time to time, deep eyes were noticeable under heavy eyebrows and his hollow cheeks suited his pale complexion.

The dust had settled by now, but the three people went on hoping, each praying that his or her loved one would return home, happy and safe after the cruel war. Overhead, the planes still flew by with an ominous roar.

ANN STIKEMAN, VI A.

### A NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE

The coyotes howled as I rode along;  
To myself I hummed a song  
To calm the fear that dwelt in me,  
Rising like a tumultuous sea.

My horse pawed the ground, and was raring to go,  
I had to call "Stop, old boy, whoa!"  
All of a sudden I heard from behind  
A sound that frightened me out of my mind!

My horse jumped ahead in sudden fright!  
I turned to peer into the silent night;  
All was still as if life were asleep  
And the black of the night looked so heavy and deep.

I kicked my horse in a frenzied fury  
Trying to escape from that place in a hurry;  
My mind was a blur as we galloped away.  
Oh! how I longed for the first sign of day.

CHERYL McDERMID, VI A.

### A SUNSET IN THE TROPICS

Standing on the hill top, looking down to the beach and the sea, I suddenly realized what a beautiful place this was. It was that moment between the day and night that comes only in the tropics. The sky was a deep blue, becoming paler and tinged with pink around the sun. The sun itself was like a fiery ball, lighting the western horizon and giving a glow to everything. The sea around was aflame but rapidly became increasingly blue until soon the far horizon was almost black. The sand, too, was now black, and the trees waving slowly back and forth were a dark green. The islands and hills in the distance had faded to mere shadows which could hardly be seen. The small nearby islands, though, were still clear, and on each the coconut trees stood out tall and strong. The near mountains, too, were clear and tinged with pink from the sun. Everything was peaceful as though waiting for the night to suddenly drop its protective cloak.

There were only two moving figures, a man and woman coming up the hill. He was riding a donkey, but she was walking beside it. They were both negroes, but he was as black as coal while she was a light chocolate colour. She was a young girl of about seventeen. She was not tall, but she was well-built and pretty. She wore a brightly printed skirt and an orange blouse tied at the waist. Her feet were bare. On her head she carried a basket of fruit. Her hair beneath this was short and black, the wiry strands plaited into small braids.

The man sat slumped and quite at ease on the donkey. He, too, was young, perhaps twenty-five. He was such a big man that his long legs almost touched the ground on either side of the donkey. He wore a pair of khaki pants, but no shirt. Like the girl, he was bare-footed and bare-headed. His jet black hair was very short and gave the impression of a small woolly cap.

Together they sang a song as they came up the hill. It was a gay calypso tune, and somehow made the scene perfect. I knew then that St. Vincent was, for me, the only place to live.

BETTY JANE PUNNETT, VI A.

### PICTURE CREDITS

|                                   |                    |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| VI A's on the snow.....           | DEBBY GILL         |
| Bus trouble — temporary only..... | JANET BURGOYNE     |
| VI A's on ice.....                | DEBBY GILL         |
| The VI B Fashion Show.....        | JOY BALLOCH        |
| Sorry — no sound track!.....      | MARY STRATFORD     |
| "And so to bed" — VI B.....       | JOY BALLOCH        |
| VI B's relaxing.....              | JOY BALLOCH        |
| VI B's relaxed.....               | MARY STRATFORD     |
| VI B's chez elles.....            | JOY BALLOCH        |
| June Bonfire, '62.....            | JANET BURGOYNE     |
| "Are we allowed in?".....         | ELIZABETH STIKEMAN |
| The Choir.....                    | JANET BURGOYNE     |









## VI B



### VI B FORM REPORT

At the beginning of the school year, VI B heaved off with thirty-two girls, with only six new girls. In the middle of the first term two more were added to the hive from V A, Denise Shalom and Vivian Gotthilf. Keeping us in order for that term were Joy Balloch as Form Captain and Andy Cowans as Sports Captain. We elected Judy Stairs for our Red Cross Representative and she has certainly kept us going! As in every autumn term there was a great deal of soccer; some girls played for the team and others just for fun, and occasionally a few would get out and play a bit of tennis. We all had fun at Hallowe'en acting and watching the skits, and as usual, tunics bulged with candies, apples, and Hallowe'en goodies. We ended the term with a Christmas party in which Charlotte Stinson was Santa and gave out stockings to all, including one to herself!

Nineteen sixty-three had certainly an active start for VI B. Jill Stainforth and Joan Eakin were chosen for Form and Sports' Captains and they kept us going under full steam. Snow was not lacking and VI B's skied and skated in the afternoons, including one Saturday when Miss Wallace and Miss Braddick took us on a ski hike over Windy. Later in the term, working all together, we finally finished building a network of tunnels in one of the enormous snowbanks and named it the "VI Bigloo." That occupied us for a few weeks, but after a small thaw, different amusement kept us busy. We thought up many varied games to play in the afternoons and almost everyone took part, rarely getting cold! To extract all our marvellous (?) literary talent, we elected Sara Peck Magazine Representative and she kept our pens moving well. Many VI B's took part in the badminton tournament and swimming gala.

After a two week vacation, VI B came back and elected Mary Stratford and Lee Ellson as Form Captain and Sports Captain to push us along the last lap of this year. As the snow gradually disappeared, the tennis courts were dotted with ambitious players and the VI B baseball flew across the soccer field on many afternoons. On Red Cross Sunday, VI B produced varied articles of clothing and many stuffed animals, along with over

eighty dollars raised from raffling a school sweater knit by Judy Stairs. On rainy days many VI B's were occupied over a chess board under the influence of the VI B Chess Club, of which Jill Stainforth was the president.

Through thick and thin our Form Mistress, Miss Ramsay, pulled us, despite the visiting before breakfast and the occasional breaking of rules and lights. The year would not have been the same without her. We feel that Miss Ramsay has been a really wonderful Form Mistress for this year's VI B.

JOY BALLOCH,  
JILL STAINFORTH

### DESOLATION

The spinning, burning, ruthless rays  
Beat down upon the sun-baked land,  
The scorched earth's soil seemed all ablaze,  
A scalded red, cov'ring the land.

The scarce, black shrivelled plants were bent;  
Parched by the sun, they stooped in grief;  
The land and plants were in lament;  
They seemed to be beyond relief.

The people had left long ago;  
They could not bear the burning pain;  
The smoth'ring land cried out in woe!  
But still, alas, there was no rain.

Suddenly, upon one stifling day,  
In the distance . . . a cloud appeared!  
The land no more was in dismay!  
The cloud expanded as it neared.

The sky was dark, the rain began,  
It drizzled, sprinkled and then poured;  
It tried to bathe the sun-baked land;  
It seemed that life would be restored!

It seeped into the hard dry ground  
Trying to save earth's vegetation;  
The rain fell soundly all around,  
But could not heal the Desolation.

PRISCILLA BARKER, VI B.



## THE VI B'S

There is a Form at K.H.C.  
 Qui est fait de trente-quatre filles.  
 Estan activas cada dia  
 In ludis et in operis.

Joan Aitken comes from way down South,  
 A Montreal se meut Shirley.  
 Y Joy toca el piano,  
 Priscilla vocatur Muffy.

We have the twins (they're Di and Bev),  
 De Magog, ou elles aiment leur chatte.  
 Joanie quien esquia tan bien,  
 Quoque Lee quae equos amat.

There's Sarah (spelt with h not a)  
 Et Andy qui est si 'messee'!  
 Suzie con su grabadora;  
 A Montreal venit Cathy.

Then comes our gymnast, Margie Fox.  
 Parlant français toujours — c'est Jill;  
 Vivian esta de Colombie,  
 Et Barb quae est de Iberville.

Then Margot who is very tall,  
 Et Cathy vient d'Ottawa.  
 Wendy escribe bellamente,  
 Et Sue quae semper est in aqua!

While Freedy rushes off to choir,  
 Joan joue un bon jeu de tennis.  
 Sydney habla bien espanol,  
 Alex dux erit in castris.

Elaine who is our limbo star,  
 Et Speckers fait de beaux tableaux.  
 Bonnie con sus ojos flojos;  
 Denise saepe cum camera.

Jill with her head way deep in maths,  
 Et Vicki danse tout le jeudi.  
 De America viene Charlotte,  
 Ad Nassau procedit Judy.

Mary who knows her fifty states,  
 Et Hope, bonne ecuyer sera.  
 Finalmente, Miss Ramsay es  
 Nostra optima magistra!

JILL STAINFORTH,  
 JOY BALLOCH,  
 ANDREA COWANS, VI B.

## THE PREP HALL - Two Aspects

## What the Pupil Sees

She stands, arms folded, watching the hunched backs of approximately ninety girls doing Prep. She is bored. On tip-toe she walks over to the back of the room and laboriously eases herself down onto the stairs. Chin in hand, her eyes slowly traverse the room, back and forth. Very dull!

She gets up and moves slowly and silently down the aisle, glancing at the books and papers which litter each table, heap upon heap. She reaches the front door. She folds her arms again and pauses a minute to watch the girl in the front row who stares blankly into space. But soon the girl returns to the present and, realizing that she is being observed, hastens to refind her place in her book and continue reading.

She now turns to the blackboard to read the numerous and hastily scribbled meeting reminders. She ambles down the second aisle only stopping to pick up an interesting-looking text book, teetering on top of a pile, and flip through it. Becoming bored again she replaces it on the heap and, after glancing back at the clock which now says five to eight, walks to the back of the room with a somewhat relieved expression on her face, and sits down.

SARA PECK, VI B.

## What the Staff Sees

Entirely absorbed in the work before her, she crouched over the table in such a manner as to suggest its defence. Her face was set in resolute determination, her forehead lined in stern concentration. Her eyes, still and unswerving, seemed to reach for something unavailable, and were glued, downcast, in a grim and obtrusive stare. Motionless she sat, until she appeared totally unaware of her surroundings, aware of only the math. problem confronting her. She cocked her head in sudden interest and anticipation; then, in sequence, her eyes lighted with a delighted sparkle of success; she sighed conspicuously in loud relief and satisfaction. Her mood changed immediately. The stern sober attitude of seconds before was replaced by a careless gaze around the room, gloating in her victory, yet curious how the others were faring. But how her feelings changed! She began tracing the outlines of characters on the table. Then, as suddenly as it had left her, a studious wave swept over her, and she returned to her original position of serious and absorbed work.

JOAN EAKIN, VI B.

### JANE

I shall attempt to interpret the portrait of a great woman. Her appearance is of trifling importance as the rich qualities of her sparkling personality overshadow any physical shortcoming she might bear. Let us call her Jane to avoid the monotony of the pronoun "she."

Her character is moulded by the rigid standards of what is right and wrong. This knowledge is the backbone of her greatness. Jane possesses that truly God-sent knack of making us feel wholly at our ease and yet she does not let her casualness reach the stage of encouraging insolence. On the contrary, she is the kind of person you can pour out your heart to and yet she retains that margin of dignity which demands respect and indeed we bear her an undying respect, which hints of no inferior feeling.

In all her deeds there is thoughtfulness, and goodwill is always extended to others. Her wisdom and judgment concerning personal affairs are continually sought after by those around her and both are given with an encouraging smile of understanding.

Neither is she ignorant. Jane, unlike so many of us, has taken advantage of all the opportunities for learning wonderful things that this world offers and the amount of knowledge she has gathered never ceases to overwhelm those with whom she comes in contact. No matter what honours are bestowed upon her, Jane receives them with a quiet air of humility and grace so pleasing to our hearts. In Jane are represented those qualities which no man should pass through life without knowing and loving.

MARY STRATFORD, VI B.



### QUIET PLEASE

Quiet Please,  
We're studying.  
Quiet Please,  
Can't you see we're studying?  
Quiet Please.  
Never mind the records playing,  
Don't you know that's French they're saying?  
So Quiet Please, my nerves are fraying,  
Quiet Please.

SARA PECK, VI B.

### THE FORTUNE TELLER

She slowly opened her eyes and looked around. She had finally reached her destination — the tent of the old gypsy fortune teller. The small withered woman sat before a round table and beckoned to the timid little girl to sit down. Beady blue eyes shone out like marbles from the crinkled, time-worn face of the gypsy as she removed her brightly coloured shawl from her head and placed it around her humped shoulders. She was gaily clad, with much brilliant jewellery adorning her wrists and hanging from her ears.

The little girl gazed around the small dim tent and cautiously sat down before the old woman. Her faded green dress contrasted with that of the gypsy and her feet were bare. The silence of the tent was abruptly broken by the creaky voice of the fortune-teller, demanding the hand of her customer. Gingerly, a hot little fist uncurled, showing the gypsy the lines in the grubby palm, through which miniature rivulets of dirt had found their way.

The Gypsy's eyes narrowed, gazing intently at the damp hand, while the child sat, uneasily awaiting her fate.

The tent was still and quiet until the old gypsy lifted her head, and, her kindly eyes fixed upon the face of one innocent, said in a slow, pensive voice, "You will soon be going on a long journey."

JOY BALLOCH, VI B.

### A TEST OF COURAGE

Her countenance was serious; she gazed with uneasiness upon the figure. The tightly-drawn lips seemed to keep in all her outcries of objection. As soon as she saw the figure start out, her face was lined with wrinkles of worry. Her hand clutched her throat and she remained thus for a long time, her eyes following the figure. The sound of the thundering water came louder, louder and louder, until the noise made a piercing pain in her ears. More and more dread took hold of her. A powerful feeling of abhorrence grasped her, as she saw the figure swerve and almost fall. She looked away so as not to see any more; she could no longer endure it. But after what seemed an eternity she turned around and when she looked again an expression of tremendous relief swept her face. Instantly she dropped to the ground and made a silent prayer of thankfulness. Her son had just crossed Niagara Falls on a rope!

DENISE SHALOM, VI B.



## THE ATTIC

I climbed up the dark, steep stairway, opened the door and peeked in. The attic corners were shrouded with long finger-like shadows, caused by the movements of the trees outside. Rain came through a small hole in one of the window panes with every strong gust of wind. My hand groped along the rough planks of the wall and turned on the light. As I looked around the room, quietness and loneliness filled the darkest corners. A streak of lightning sped across the sky and the attic light suddenly went off. I flattened myself against the wall and stared about the room with frightened thoughts. The room took off its coat of darkness and put it on again, causing weird and grotesque shadows to flash on and off over the boxes and other scattered articles. One of the windows was flung open by a gust of wind. Rain ran across the room, several newspapers danced out of their boxes, while others flapped back and forth in the oncoming wind. With frightened thoughts I fled across the room, opened the door and ran downstairs, never to forget my moments in the attic.

BONNIE RINFRET, VI B.



## MONDAY MORNING

The dreaded hand-bell sounds again,  
The weekend all gone by;  
How can I rise from where I've lain?  
I wish that I could die.

I pound my pillow on my head,  
Life's just not worth its while;  
It can't be time, the clock's misread,  
I try in vain to smile.

I drag myself up off my bed;  
I grope for brush and paste;  
The bell will ring! my feet like lead,  
I simply can't make haste.

I stagger down the corridor;  
How can I face the day?  
The sinks for taps I do explore,  
My eyes shut in dismay.

O Monday morning, grim and blue,  
Your mis'ries I deplore;  
I just can't wait until you're through,  
And weekend's here once more!

JOAN EAKIN, VI B.

## THE BUS-RUSH

It's ski day at last,  
The work's in the past;  
We're out for a blast,  
Or are we?

The bus waits outside,  
Your skis are beside;  
Your boot-laces tied;  
Or are they?

You trip on your knitting,  
Your knickers are splitting,  
Through the bus door you're fitting;  
Or are you?

There's quite a cool breeze,  
But you sit back with ease;  
In the back are your skis,  
Or are they?

SARA PECK, VI B.

A MERRY  
MONDAY  
MORNING

### THE STORM

A little cruiser sped smoothly across the bay, leaving behind it a path of ripples, which stirred gaily in the silent sea. The sky was a deep blue, and the sun shone brightly, with its radiant beams reflecting on the quiet water.

Suddenly a group of black thick thunderclouds crept across the sky, unnoticed by the cruiser. In a few minutes the sun was blotted out by the clouds, and the waters became restless. The whole sky was covered with angry dark clouds, and the waves began to lash violently against the sides of the boat. A clap of thunder sounded, and a streak of lightning shot down from the sky like a bony finger ready to seize the helpless boat. The waves began to toss the little cruiser to and fro, as if they were having a game of pitch and catch! The little boat was lost amidst the turbulent sea. The wind howled and beat the cruiser unmercifully, helping the violent waves toss the defenceless vessel.

Suddenly, as abruptly as the storm had begun, the angry waters ceased their torture of the helpless boat, and the storm began to diminish. There was a glimmer of light, and the sun burst forth from behind the mysterious clouds. The waves became gentle and rocked the little boat like a tiny baby in its mother's arms. Then, the waters became still, like the shiny surface of a glassy mirror, as the boat sped back to the safety of the bay.

PRISCILLA BARKER, VI B.

### THE SEASIDE

Down at the end of the old beach road  
Where the water licks the shore,  
Is where I go to release my load  
And to think of cares no more.

This is the place where the seagulls cry,  
And the salty spume is flung  
Over the rocks that pierce the sky,  
Where the song of the wind is sung.

Here dwells the smell of the fresh sea air,  
And the stretch of golden sand  
Holds for the wee shell-people a lair  
All unknown to the human land.

Out from the crags, from their seaweed lawn,  
Waters trickle, to join their start;  
And the crested waves ride on and on  
To intrigue another heart.

JOY BALLOCH, VI B.

### HAUNTED HOUSE

Tales of ghosts and phantoms around and about Britain have been told so often that any visitor could be forgiven for thinking it a land of strange moonlight happenings, of houses and castles where strange sounds are heard during the night, where creaking doors open and shut without the aid of human hands. Yes, there are places in the country with the reputation for such doings as these.

One of the most famous haunted houses in Britain is the Burton Agnes Hall in Yorkshire. In the hall of this mansion, behind the panelling of the wall, is the skull of a girl who died three hundred years ago. When someone attempted to move this skull, bangs and such turmoil broke out that the skull was immediately put back. But Burton Agnes Hall is where strange things happen even when the skull is back in its ordinary position.

Another interesting spectacle is at Levens Hall in Westmorland. These ghosts have no desire for moonlight nights but boldly act in broad daylight. Their favourite habit is that of suddenly disappearing before the astonished gaze of their victim. The most famous is the Grey Lady who haunts the driveway of the house. Her main activity is to alarm visitors by stepping in front of cars as they approach the house and when the driver comes up he is quite convinced that he has run over an old lady, but there is no one there upon investigation. Another Levens Hall ghost is a woman with a mob cap and a pink printed dress who is often seen when children are in the house. There is also a small black, woolly dog which trots around the house quite contented and happy but has the odd characteristic of being visible to some and not to others.

Glamis Castle, Scotland, is said to be a castle surrounded by mystery. One ghost is the spirit of Earl Baedie who is said to have staked his soul in a card game with the devil, and having lost was condemned to play for evermore. Where this everlasting game takes place is another mystery; it is said that if you count the windows of this castle from the outside and then from the inside your numbers will never coincide. Somewhere within the castle is the lost room where the card-player continues his endless game.

There are many more records and stories of such ghosts. Whoever or wherever they may be, these silent, intangible beings will be gliding along their accustomed paths and if you yourself see nothing then maybe it is because you don't "see things," for in Britain it is a brave man who will state that there are no such things as ghosts.

SUE MCCAIN, VI B.



## FIRE DRILL

The night is dark and moonless,  
The rooms are quiet and still  
When all of a sudden there's chaos—  
The fire bell loud and shrill!

Beds are stripped for the blankets  
As pillows go hurtling past;  
Windows are slammed with vigour  
And the slippers are found at last.

Now, to find your room-mate,  
Who has vanished out of sight!  
You edge toward the light-switch—  
"NO! DON'T TURN ON THAT LIGHT!"

There she is by the window  
Trying to find her bear—  
"Hurry, my friend, forget about Joe!"  
And down to the exit we tear.

SARA PECK, VI B.

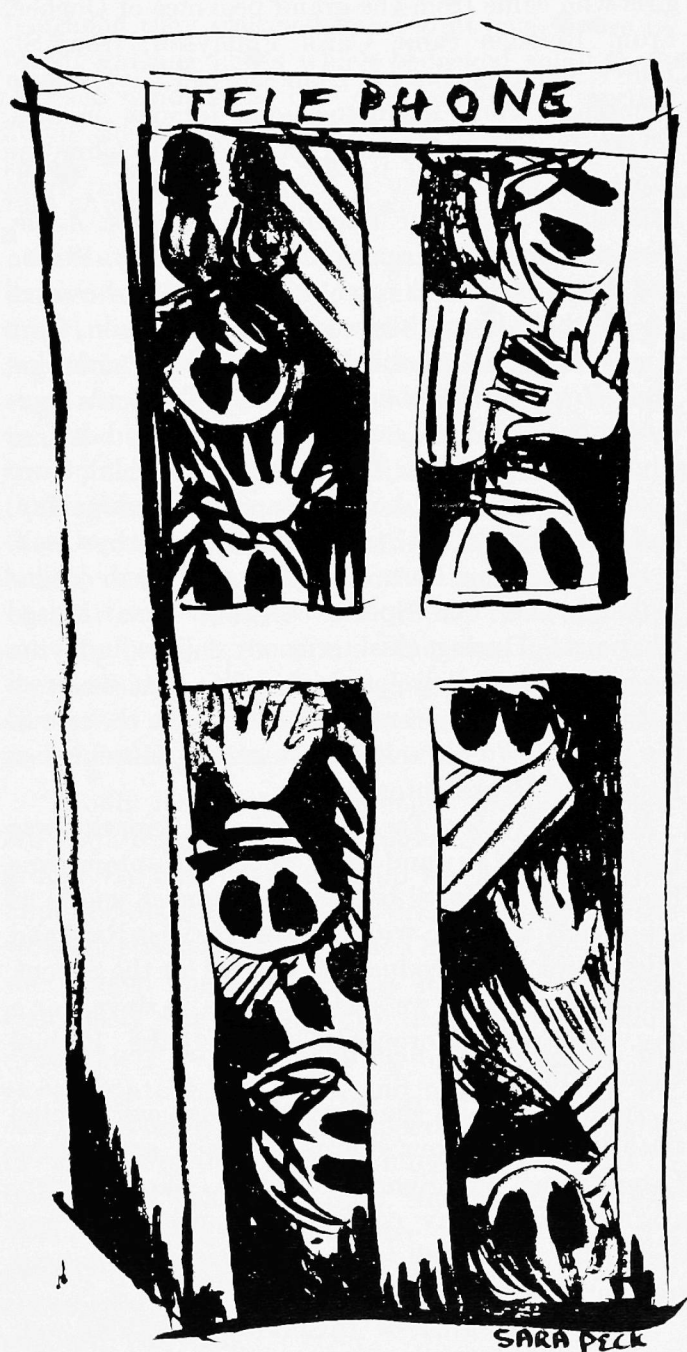


### A LOOK INSIDE ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

As I approached the door, time seemed to take me back three hundred years. The first thing I noticed was the hard, age-worn, mahogany bench where Anne Hathaway once sat with her lover, Shakespeare. To the right was an old sooty fire-place, blackened by the everglowing fire struggling to warm the cold in those days of no central heating. To the right of the fireplace was an ancient bread-oven with a strong iron door to cover its small opening in the wall. Beside it stood an antique, worm-eaten bread-shovel, worn with the handling of fresh, crisp loaves. At the other side of the room was an ancient weather-beaten beer jug made from a discarded leather boot. A few old rocking chairs stood as if inviting some old weary man to rest his tired legs. Overhead, shrivelled brown apples hung limply from a crude, dusty oil lamp. The dark, heavy wooden beams on the walls and ceiling seemed to protect the cozy little room from the hard cold winters outside.

SARAH COLLIN, VI B.

# HELLO, MOM?





# V A



## V A FORM REPORT

This year the large V A class consisted of thirty-three girls. Those from Montreal were Suzie Aboud, Norah Doheny, Vicki Druce, Susan Galt, Patricia Morgan, Brenda Peck, Sheila Reid, Nan Rudel, Gail Russel, Tassy Smith, Robyn Wise, and Patricia Wolff. All of them nobly upheld their patriotism for their native city! We also had a number of girls who came from the grand province of Quebec. From Rawden came Carol Finlayson; from St. John's, Beverly Fraser; from Quebec City, Susan Johnston; from Knowlton, our famous invalid, Elizabeth Nickson; from Fort Chambly, Christine Prescott; from Baie D'Urfé, Mary Glen; from Cookshire, Madeleine Thomas; and from St. Adele, Cindy Morton. Margaret Chapman, Kay Wilson and Jinny Parke all came from the Toronto area, while other Ontarioites were Libby Paterson, from Fort William; Stephanie Hutchins from Pembroke; Vicki Rorke from Cobourg. From the Nation's capital we have Anne Carre, Julie Kenny and Louise Mundy. From Calgary came another invalid, Tory Nichols. From South America came Kathy MacKay, and from the United State's capital — Cathy Cook.

In the fall our Form Captain was Norah Deane Doheny and our Sports' Captain was Margo Chapman. During this term we enjoyed playing soccer, doing Hallowe'en skits and at Christmas we put on French plays and sang carols with the rest of the School. We also elected Stephanie Hutchins as Red Cross Representative.

In the Winter Term our Form Captain was Kathy MacKay and our Sports' Captain was Brenda Peck. We all participated in such sports as skiing and skating; with the help of Miss Reid and Miss Hewson we produced two plays for the School. For the Red Cross we sold ourselves as slaves for a day. We also thoroughly enjoyed the Formal Dance with B.C.S.

And finally, in the Spring Term, we elected Cathy Cook as our Form Captain and Libby Paterson as our Sports' Captain. We had fun attempting to play our tennis tournaments and organizing a baseball team as well as spending our free hours tanning in the sun.

We owe our greatest thanks to Miss Reid, our patient and willing Form Mistress, who gave up so much of her time for our enjoyment. We regret to say that Miss Reid will not be with us next year, but we wish her the best of luck always.

CATHLYN COOK,  
KATHLEEN MACKAY, V A.

## PARADISE

What does Paradise mean to you?  
Is it a river flowing through  
A valley, with mountains on either side?  
Or is it the crests of waves that ride  
Into shore on the incoming tide?

What does Paradise mean to you?  
Is it the sun on the morning dew?  
Or is it a field of new young wheat,  
Or sugar cane, tall, green and sweet  
Grown harvested in tropical heat?

What does Paradise mean to you?  
Is it a winding avenue  
Of maples, swaying in the breeze?  
Or perhaps it isn't any of these.  
Then a quiet cathedral, any one, if you please.

Is Paradise really all of this?  
No, much more; it's heavenly bliss.  
God created it so man may see  
And feel and live in ecstasy.  
This is what Paradise means to me.

SHEILA REID, V A.

## WHY

Looking up from my thoughts I wondered why . . . why was I here on earth . . . why this had to happen . . . why war even existed . . . Why? This is my home, shabby but deeply loved; this is my Mom, absent-minded, but without her I would be lost; this is my Dad, old in years, but young at heart. And I, well I had been drafted; sent to kill the foe, to live with blood and misery and death. Why? Didn't God say "Thou shalt not kill?" How could life ever be happy and carefree if you knew that you had killed some tot's papa, some bride's husband, some mother's son? It would not be so if you had not pulled the trigger . . . stared at him as he fell bloody and defeated . . . rolled him over with a kick of the boot "just to be sure."

In the distance I saw them wave to me; my sobbing mother and my father trying to soothe her; they were standing by the little white fence . . . waving to me. "God be with you."

After they had been marching for an hour a shot split the silent air. A lifeless body thudded to the dusty earth. The young soldier had taken his own life rather than another's.

CHRISTINE PRESCOTT, V A.



### A DISCOVERY IN THE WILDERNESS

As I was paddling across a narrow stretch of water in my kayak, I came upon a small helpless creature, whining pitifully in a small blow hole in the ice. Immediately I felt pity for this tiny being and I picked it up out of the icy water. It shivered at my touch, and I held it close to give it a little warmth. It was odd-looking; but somehow it won my affection. It was shaped like a greatly enlarged pear, having thick white woolly fur with long shining hairs protruding from it. Its body tapered down to a short stubby, pinkish tail, which matched its short stubby legs. Although its proportions were small it possessed an exceedingly large mouth, fringed with long, silky whiskers that brushed against my parka.

I would no longer live a lonely life in the vast north, for now I had my own pet seal with whom to share an igloo.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON V A.



### LIFE OF A SNOWFLAKE

I'm a small crystal snowflake, all alone,  
A unique little snowflake who has just left its home;  
From the golden Heavens I am gone;  
I can hear the bells chiming and my heart sings  
a song.

The Heavens behind me, the world is halfway.  
I had best sail onward, my life's but a day;  
Good-bye, friendly stars, today I can't play,  
My life is so short I may melt; I can't stay.

Ah! The lights of a city, a city so bright  
With its towers and steeples and glistening light,  
Everything's covered with a wonderful white.  
I never thought earth would provide such a sight!

I must drop down to this city and see  
That remarkable white stuff that's just like me.  
Is it possible? Could it possibly be,  
That God made the snowflakes to cover city, vale,  
and lea?

I am part of the gift He bestowed on the earth,  
I am part of the gift He gave at Christ's birth;  
And though I am small and of meagre worth,  
I form part of the blanket which covers Earth's  
girth.

MADELEINE THOMAS, V A.

### THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Eve this year was cold and crisp. In the clear dark winter sky the stars twinkled brightly. A group of young lusty souls could be seen carolling from house to house.

The gay group had just left Mayor Baker's house where his cheery wife had given them each a cup of homemade broth. From the expression on each face, one could tell that everyone had thoroughly enjoyed the refreshment. On around the neighbourhood they tramped, greeted at each house by bright glowing lights which bedecked small trees. At each window the face of a small child, excited about the coming day, could be seen. The atmosphere was so happy that it was hard to believe that anyone could be miserable on a night like this.

But at the north end of town, on a bleak and lonely hill sat an old tumbledown house. No bright lights shone from the windows, and no wreath of holly hung from the door. Inside, in a small deserted room, sat a child huddled by the fire. She had heard the singing and had longed to run outside and join the carollers. But, no, for only that afternoon her stepmother had told her that there would be no celebrating; she had said that this holiday was a waste of valuable time and energy. Disheartened by these sad words, the child had retreated to her room and was resolved to stay there all day. Now the singing came closer and she ran to the window to see her friends laughing and shouting on the road below her.

"If only I could be with them," she said to herself, but dismissed this thought quickly, for the group was now proceeding up the walk. Her first impulse was to dash to the door, but instead she stole quietly across the floor. Grasping the handle she tugged slightly and the door clicked open. Cautiously she peered into the empty corridor. Fortunately no one was around, so she ran to the closet, snatched her coat, and bounded down the stairs. In the hallway she stopped abruptly, looking in both directions before moving. Then, as if freedom lay behind the door, she rushed to it and swung it open, to come face to face with the carollers. Quickly she joined the crowd, and they all, merrily singing at the top of their voices, trotted off down the road.

Now the happy scene was complete: a peaceful town, a group of happy people spreading cheer to all, and a joyous child who had obtained the freedom to enjoy the holiday spirit as others did.

CATHLYN COOK, V A.

### HOPELESS

Lying flat on my back, I gazed up into the jet-black sky overhanging me like a dark menacing curtain. I was horror-stricken. Why! Where was I? What had happened? I strained to rise, but a stab of pain shot through my leg. I caught a glimpse of what lay around me, and sank backwards with a feeling of horror and despair. My little log cabin was razed to the ground; only debris surrounded me; I shut my eyes and shuddered. I could not recall how all this had come to pass. My mind was running in frantic circles. Then, suddenly, panic seized me — where was Ma?

Again I struggled desperately to lift up my body, but my leg was pinned down by a burnt, black log. Unhesitatingly I pulled the log off my crushed ankle, then staggered over to where I spotted some glowing sparks under an iron pot. By digging I came upon a small stick, which had once been the leg of a chair. What a shame! I had so loved that little chair; when Davy and I first came out West, that was one of my prized possessions. Well, no time to brood over fond memories now — I must find Ma! Almost savagely I stuck the stick into the flames, and as it caught fire and gave light, it was a very unwelcome sight I saw. The place was demolished, hardly recognizable.

Feebly I cried out, "Ma, Ma!" and listening acutely, detected a weak groan in response. "Oh Ma! where are you, Ma?"

Frantically I began searching. "Oh, please God!" I pleaded, "Let her be all right!"

I came upon her lying in a small heap, almost delirious but still alive! She uttered a few inaudible words as I seated myself beside her and caressed her withered old cheeks tenderly.

"Don't worry, Ma, everything's gonna be just fine — Davy'll be here soon, Ma, and he'll take right good care of things."

And through my tears of mixed joy and sorrow I saw her attempt a weak smile.

As the hours passed, we remained seated there amid the ruins. I dozed awhile, with the comforting thought that at least Ma and I were safe and that Davy would soon be here.

Suddenly I awoke, for I had heard the trampling of horses' hooves. I got up and staggered out — "Davy, Davy!" I cried joyously, but as I looked up my heart turned to stone — "Indians!"

KATHLEEN MACKAY, V A.

### THE LAST OF "THE LYDIA"

As I looked up from the floor of my new surroundings, I realized that I was no longer fighting the waves which had towered raging above me for so long, threatening to destroy me. Now I was below, on the ocean floor, where many of my ancestors lay in ruins. However I was fortunate, for I was hardly damaged.

Four days before, I had been sailing proudly upon the dazzling blue Pacific near the coast of Central America. I "The Lydia," was a famous ship which had sailed a-plenty. My destination was an island in the South Pacific, where I was to deliver a valuable cargo of ancient treasures. The sea had been calm, with only the whisper of a southeast breeze. As the days passed by, the gentle waves became rough, and the wind grew stronger. Suddenly one night when the storm reached its peak, I found myself being awkwardly thrown from side to side by the raging sea, while the wind howled furiously. A gush of water flooded my insides! The crew raced for the life-boats, I was abandoned — left to sink. I went down slowly while the fury of the waves increased. Here I was in the depths of the sea. It was filled with a mass of mysteries that were exciting, but frightening!

Several days later divers combed the sea bottom, for my cargo would provide adventure and reward for them. Yes, they found me. The enthusiastic divers appeared above. They swam with determination towards me. Upon reaching their destination they explored my hull. In no time they found what they wished for. I lay in peace and quiet. My life was over!

CAROL FINLAYSON, V A.



### LITTLE LOST CHILD

Evening approached the little cottage quietly. No sound could be heard from within. No lights were to be seen; all seemed peaceful and free from worry. Inside the cottage an anxious child crept down the stairs and tiptoed across the slanted floor. She reached the back door and grasped the knob tightly. No good-byes! She had definitely made up her mind that tonight she would run away! The orphanage door slammed shut. Had Mother Anne heard it? The child's stomach jumped, a trembling fear seized her. She could not rid herself of a feeling of despair, hopelessness, fright.



"Run! run! She has heard you." The child ran through the still night. An overhanging branch whipped her face savagely, flinging her to the ground.

"Give up," an unseen voice pleaded. "It is not worth the effort."

She lay for a moment — stunned, waiting. To-day had been a nightmare. Mother Anne — she could hear her voice weakly laughing at her — had sold her, sold her, as if she were a doll to be thrown about from one home to another.

No, she couldn't live with someone who had bought her. "You cannot buy a life, a soul, it is too precious," screamed the child out loud.

Senselessly, she lifted her frail body and wandered through the streets. She could not hear any voices or street noises. She was going away from that orphanage. During that night she had walked without ceasing. Morning was approaching, but to her the world remained dark. The sweet smell of a clover field wet from the previous night's rain filled her nostrils, creating a spark of hope in the helpless child. Yet, something was wrong; she remembered there were no clover fields on the way to Richmond. She had made the wrong turn, but where? A frantic turn, a dash to the left, then to the right only resulted in a complete loss of direction. You see this girl was blind.

LOUISE MUNDY, V A.

### A MEMORIAL

A ruin of beauty, in memory of a gallant group who died for king and country: this is the sailors' church in Southampton. The roof was demolished by a German bomb in World War II, now letting in light and rain. In spring and summer four small, carefully-tended garden beds give a brightly-coloured contrast to the gray stone surrounding them. Between the flagstones grow wild violets and snowdrops, minute and perfect in comparison with the crude rough walls. The Lord's Prayer is engraved on the wall behind where the altar should be if it were still standing. Underfoot in the chancel are three tombs with the names almost completely obliterated. On one of the chancel walls are the Ten Commandments. No door, no roof, no windows! Just four walls and a floor! There is no prevailing silence usually found in a church, for cars and people passing by are heard quite plainly. The "church," however, has a sublimity all its own. It is a simple, yet moving monument to all sailors who will come back to port no more.

SHEILA REID, V A.

### A STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE

His name was Paoto Martay, son of a poor widow living in the mountains of Tibet. These were honest, well-loved citizens, pure in heart, a quality richly possessed in this part of the country. At this time, there was a strong crisis between the Chinese and Indians; the Communist government had rushed in some troops from behind the Bamboo Curtain to control the sudden uprising. They built a strong stone wall to prevent any mountaineers from entering into the west. It stretched along the border of West Pakistan for seven miles. No family communications with West Pakistan were permitted — "Remain within or go from within?"

Madame Markay was anxious for Paolo to find a good job beyond Tibet. The West provided an excellent opportunity for the young; food was scarce at home, and natives were being evacuated from the poverty of their homes. Besides, Paolo had a girl-friend whom he intended to marry when he had earned enough money. So, after careful preparation, and enough encouragement, he and his cousin Siwan set out to accomplish this terrible feat before Communist leaders could delay them.

For two days, they struggled toward freedom. Upon reaching the deadline, they made hasty plans and proceeded to complete the task. Siwan led the way, closely followed by Paolo. He crept up the steep sides of the wall and plunged into some stony holes. At the top, he jumped into the thickets on the other side of the barbed wire. Paolo, (in an elusive manner) reached the other side. Suddenly an outburst of shots filled the air, and Paolo fell to the ground, his feet becoming entangled in barbed wire. For twenty-four hours, he lay there, bleeding to death on the damp ground. The once-cursing cries were now but faint, as his body lay in the stillness of the night. No soul came to finish him off, while he was in pain alone in the darkness.

Why had this happened to such an innocent young boy, fighting for his rights? All he wished was a good job to supply his dying mother with rations and care . . . and later build a home for his wife, if he earned enough money. Whatever the good seek, they never seem to find. Why must the innocent always suffer for the guilty?

SUSAN JOHNSTON, V A.



## JAN

Yes, Jan was Frankie's dog now. Oh, at last the hopeful wish had come true. Ever since he set his eyes on the tiny young labrador pup his only desire was to have him for his own.

Now that the dog was his he must watch and guard over him through sickness or health. The boy liked the idea, however, for this would prove that Frankie's Jan, the best and smartest dog that ever lived, was his very own. Yes, his very own!

"Doesn't it sound splendid!" he boasted to himself, "My very own dog."

Two years had already passed as dog and master strolled through the park — wonderful years of growing up with one another and always being at one another's side. It was beautiful, this close relationship between the young boy and his dog. Why, they were a part of each other now and nothing, no nothing, would dare try to separate them except — — — — — Noticing a small mischievous squirrel seeming to be in search of some excitement, Jan dashed forward towards it. The squirrel darted across the large area of green grass, the frisky dog following after. Quite suddenly Jan stopped short as the shrill whistle of his faithful master pierced his ears. He turned and ran in the direction of the startling whistle without thinking, or noticing the oncoming car, just seeing his beloved Frank on the other side of the street; Jan charged forward. The car screeched; Frank swung himself madly around in terror, then . . . on hands and knees, the dying dog's head on his shoulder, Frankie tenderly smoothed the dog's soft fur and whispered, "We must be brave, Jan. I loved you and always will, I promise."

Then Frank bade a tearful farewell to his, yes, his and only his, sweet Jan.

PATRICIA WOLFF, V A.

## SPRING

In spring I look for signs of God.  
I walk along, and in the sod  
Small stems protrude, they're heaven sent,  
The breeze that makes them slightly bent,  
Whispers, softly, words of love.

The birds, they always seem to sing  
Sweet songs of praise, of love and spring.  
Their songs are loud and sometimes slight,  
But peaceful as a starry night.  
The birds have God within their hearts.

The sun peeps over the hills at dawn,  
The dark of night, soon to be gone.  
The stars, they too have disappeared.  
Young ones; "there's nothing to be feared,"  
The sun doth show that God is near.

Rays of gold shine from on high,  
God's brilliant light spreads o'er the sky.  
A tiny calf's first sight at birth,  
Would be the sun and all its worth.  
The warmth and love of God.

The rivers' ice soon disappears,  
As always, through the many years,  
It drifts away into the sea,  
Or melts by what God's will may be,  
But always ends up flowing free.

All this, and quite a few things more,  
Are seen by all those who adore  
God's spring creations, large or small.  
All God's children love them all.  
The loves and joys of spring.

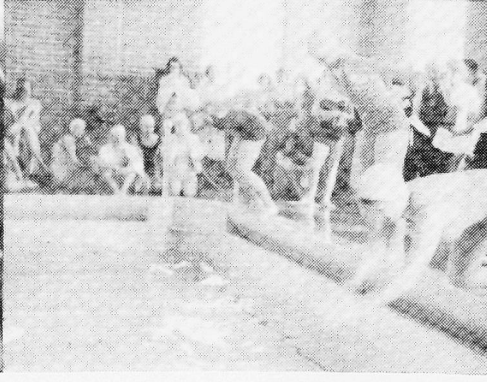
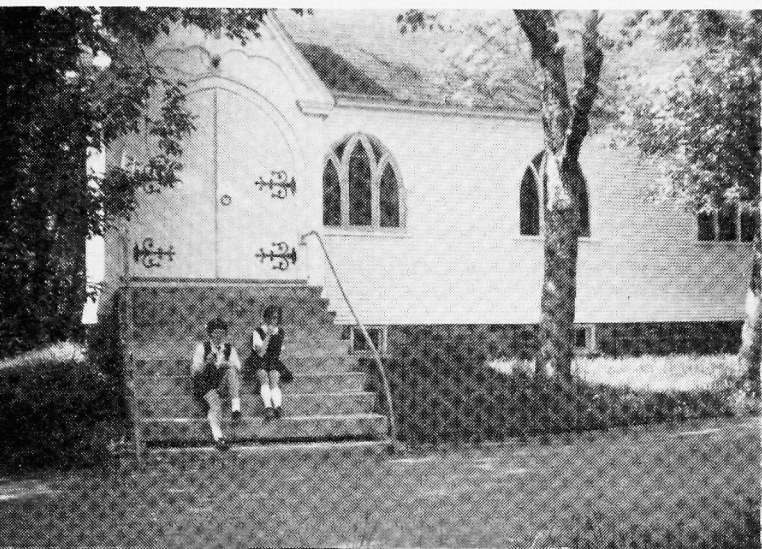
MARILYN NICHOLS, V A.



## PICTURE CREDITS

|                            |                |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| St. James' Church, Compton | JANET BURGOYNE |
| The Station                | JANET BURGOYNE |
| Snow banks and Cottagers   | JAN PARKE      |
| The Cottage from the West  | CYNTHIA SHARP  |
| Cottagers                  | ALISON DONALD  |
| Peek-a-boo! — V A's        | GAIL RUSSEL    |
| The Chorus Line            | DEBBY GILL     |
| En route                   | CYNTHIA SHARP  |
| Unpacking                  | JANET BURGOYNE |
| Off to Hillcrest           | JANET BURGOYNE |
| The Swimming Meet          | JANET BURGOYNE |





### A DASH FOR FREEDOM

Anne and Hans came from distinguished families in Amsterdam. When the Germans took over Amsterdam, these two were put mercilessly into a concentration camp, since they were Jews. Both Anne and Hans lost complete contact with their families, and since they had been friends previously, they depended entirely on one another for support and comfort. They were sent to Bergen-Belson, a concentration camp well-known for incredible tortures and suffering.

At the camp they were treated like animals. Their main food supply, if any, consisted of bread and sometimes water. Very rarely was there enough to go round. Hundreds of people lived huddled together in the open air, making the ground their bed. For weeks Anne and Hans witnessed pain, suffering and death. At last, by this time, starving themselves, not knowing when death's hand might be over them, they decided to make an attempt at escape. Many had tried before, some in vain, so they must have a perfect plan—

On a cool October evening, when slumber had filled the camp, Anne and Hans crept softly toward the barbed-wire fence. The wire was cut and they made a dash for freedom — they heard shots but still kept running.

That night a pair of sorrowful eyes followed Anne and Hans; those of an old lady. She knew that they would find safety, and her hopes and joys for them followed them until they disappeared from sight.

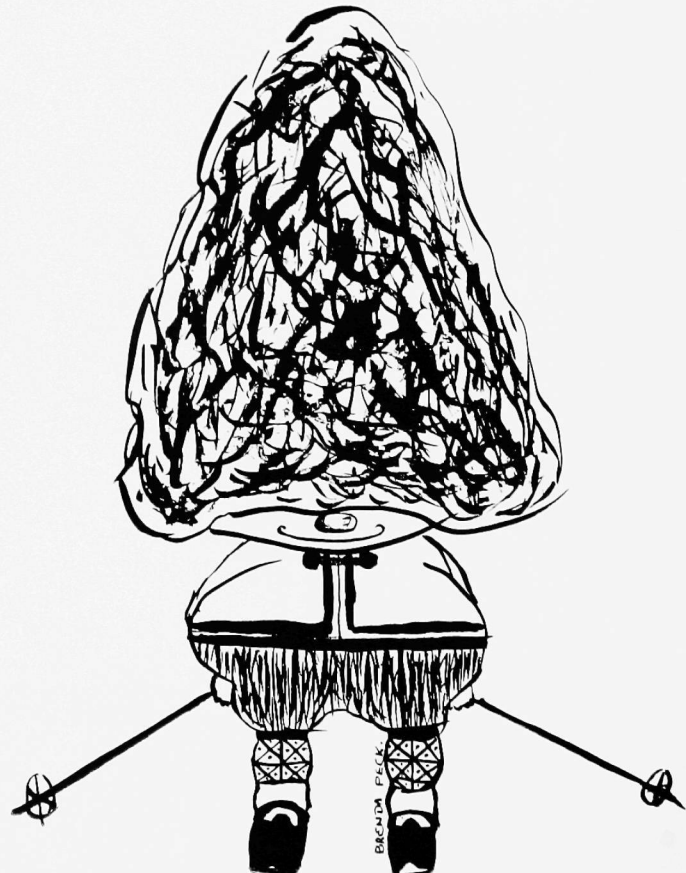
ROBYN WISE, V A.



### A SAILING RACE

Get pulling up those sails, crew;  
 I cannot wait all day for you!  
 Oh, dear, the race is soon to start,  
 And we must from the harbour part.  
 Start hiking now; pull in that sail!  
 Have you remembered the bailing pail?  
 Bang! There goes the third and last gun;  
 The sailing race has now begun.  
 We're not the first, we're four behind,  
 But we're catching up, and soon, in time,  
 We'll pass that boat ahead of us,  
 And leave him in an awful fuss.  
 He's luffing us into the wind;  
 But I shall go below him, and pass him by.  
 We've passed him and we're third in line.  
 It is the last leg of the race; and time  
 Is running short! Well, we finished third,  
 And crossed the line with the grace of a bird.  
 But is that a protest flag so high?  
 The second boat is disqualified!  
 So we came in second, which goes to show,  
 That whatever may happen, you can never know.

MARY GLEN, V A.





# **V B and IV A**

## THE COTTAGE REPORT

We have certainly had a rambunctious group of girls in the Cottage this year. With the IV A's downstairs, and the V B's upstairs, we make a happy number of twenty-one. Cynthia Sharp, Mary Sue Philpott, Barbara Campbell, Marcia Salmond, Ronette Evershed, Elizabeth Morgan, Jill Rankin, Heather Wyllie and Jackie Worden are all from Montreal. Jan Parke and Alison Donald come from Dundas and Ancaster, Ontario. Fiona St. Clair and Mary Conduit are loyal Torontonians. Then come our identical twins from Sherbrooke, Que. — Mary and Martha Jervis-Read, whom we still can't tell apart, so, to save time, we just call them "twin." Sheana Meyers comes from Ottawa, Gerry Hutchinson from New Liskeard, Ontario, Tina Cross from New York, and Brenda Booth from Aurora, Ontario. Last but not least come our South Americans, Pat Malabre from British Guiana and Susie Caridi from Colombia.

This year we had an enjoyable time watching small skits put on by the younger group, such as "The Golden Touch" and others.

For Hallowe'en we had a celebration over at the school, with decorations and a good supper, followed by a skit acted by each Form, and an act put on by the Staff. Afterwards, over at the Cottage, the V B's organized a small party.

Then came the Christmas party, which was held at the Cottage, and some of the Staff accompanied Santa on his way. After the gifts had been distributed we made merry on cake supplied by Dorothy, who helps the two matrons. The party ended with "Taps".

At the beginning of the year, the Cottage matrons were Miss Riddell and Mrs. Johnston, but unfortunately Mrs. Johnston took ill and had to leave soon after Christmas. Miss Braddick, the gym. mistress, has taken her place. Just before Christmas, Miss Hewson came over to help with the packing and with getting us ready for the holidays.

We would all like to thank Miss Braddick and Miss Riddell for an enjoyable year.

ALLISON DONALD  
GERRY HUTCHINSON  
JACKIE WORDEN

## V B FORM REPORT

This year fifteen girls were in V B. At the beginning of the first term Miss Riddell was our Form Mistress, but being Cottage Matron, she found she did not have enough time so Miss Fairweather became our new Form Mistress.

In the Fall term we were coached in soccer, had swimming instruction (as well as free swimming periods) and took part in House games. To aid the Red Cross we had a cake raffle which raised about fifty-three dollars. The Form Captain was Pat Malabre and Jackie Worden was Sports' Captain.

In the second term we skated, skied at Hillcrest, and played basketball and volleyball in the gym. Towards the end of term we had a swimming meet; this was an inter-House competition. The Form Captain during the second term was Mary Sue Philpott, and Gerry Hutchinson was the Sports' Captain. In this term we elected Jill Rankin Magazine Representative.

In the summer term we played tennis, swam and played baseball. On Friday nights Miss Fairweather took us swimming after our Form meetings.

On April 21st we had our Red Cross evening and Alison Donald, our Red Cross Representative, presented the clothes and scrap books which we had made, and the money we had raised. Our Form Captain this term was Jill Rankin, and Alison Donald was Sports' Captain.

Thanks to Miss Fairweather and Miss Riddell, we have had a great deal of fun this year. Thank you, Miss Fairweather and Miss Riddell!

PAT MALABRE,  
MARY SUE PHILPOTT,  
JILL RANKIN

## IV A FORM REPORT

IV A had its own tiny U.N., Susan Caridi represented Colombia; Tina Cross, New York City; Fiona St. Clair, Toronto; and Ronette Evershed, both Dallas, Texas and Montreal. Sheila Salmond came from Lachine and our illustrious twins, Martha and Mary Jervis-Read from Sherbrooke. Form and Sports Captains were Susan and Tina in the first term, when we played soccer and produced a Hallowe'en skit; Fiona and Mary in the second, when we skated, skied, swam, and built snow forts; and Martha and Marcia in the third term when we played tennis, swam, and enjoyed a Form picnic. We also had Nature walks and visited Miss Wallace's Lab.

SUSAN, FIONA, and MARTHA

### MY FIRST LESSON

I shall never forget the first night I spent away from home. As I lay in bed I thought of all the things that had suddenly come about. I had come to boarding school; it was really a big change. I had met many strange girls and had experienced many bewildering surprises, and, I concluded, I was rather lonely. The tears were now running down my cheeks, but I wiped them off with a determined sigh, thinking that I would learn and apply many new experiences. For instance, I would probably learn to buy myself a railway ticket — a feat which I hadn't yet mastered.

These were my feelings on my first night. Now I think certainly that my first night at boarding school was my first lesson at King's Hall.

GERRY HUTCHINSON, V B.

### WRITE

There was a young lady who quite  
Had forgotten the way to write "write,"

For "rite" is quite wrong

And "wight" is too long,

While "right" is wrong; "write" is right.

MARTHA JERVIS-READ, IV A.

### THE FIRE OF LONDON

The courier one day brought the dreadful news. Sweeping through the streets of London, where I lived, was a terrible fire which no one could stop, let alone put out. The courier said that it was heading straight for our part of the city and we should flee at once. My father would not go at once, however, but set us packing anything of value. Trip after trip we made to our barge at the water's edge, dragging bundles and boxes of every sort and kind. At the end of the day, the house was bare of everything except furniture, and father said that it was safe to stay the night.

Alas! how wrong he was. A strong wind rose that night, bearing the fire on wings towards our section of the town. I awoke, trembling in my bed, to the sounds of a screaming mob beneath my window, and the smell of a fast-approaching fire. Father was up at once, giving orders and heaving bundles, and as it was, he was only just quick enough. We were barely out of the house, and I could keep my tears back no longer. Soon we were in the barge, going away from that terrible place, but for years afterwards the memory of our house going up in flames haunted my dreams.

PAULINE ROBERTS, V B.

### THE TERRIBLE FACTORIES

#### As seen in the early nineteenth century

Mother and Father had been very worried for a long time, because Father had lost his job in the country, and Mother could not earn enough money from spinning, because of the new factories. We had moved to the city, and Edward and I were left at home in the small basement room where we lived, all day, while Mother and Father worked from five in the morning until nine in the evening to make enough money to keep us alive.

One day our parents did not come home. As I walked along the corridor of the tenement, I heard the old woman next door:

"Poor children, the boy only eight and the girl only four. I would take them in if I could, but I am afraid that I cannot. I hardly eat anything as it is. The factories are a disgrace. To think that I should live to hear of two people killed by uncontrolled machines. My soul, what is the world coming to?" she cackled.

I raced back to Edward, and burst into tears. I managed to sob out the news.

"We had better run away, before we get put to work," he cried, but just then two men came in and took us away and locked us up in a place with a sign saying "For Sale."

We wept and cried for about an hour, but then a man took Edward away, and said that he would serve as a very good chimney sweep. A few minutes later a lady took me away and showed me into a room with two other girls who had been there for a long time. Ann had lost an arm, and had many scars. She was very dirty and ragged. Babs had a large, dirty scar on her left cheek. She limped terribly. We were given a piece of rusk bread. In a few minutes we were told to go to sleep and make the best of the two hours that we had.

The next day we were awakened and given a bit of rusk bread and some water from a filthy dirty bucket. We then set off to the factory. I was forced to work in the feeding machine and was made to go into it when anything got stuck. In a very short time I was just as dirty and scarred as Ann and Babs.

Two years of this kind of life went by. I got dirtier and shabbier than ever. Finally one day when I felt that I could stand it no longer, I saw a rich looking lady with a boy by her side. It was Edward, but he was well dressed and healthy looking. I could hardly believe my eyes. At first, he just stared at me, and I looked at him, all bewildered. Then he cried out, "Elizabeth?" I ran to him and we hugged each other.



Soon, I found out that the lady that he was with had found him in her chimney. She had rescued him and adopted him. Her husband had been killed by rogues on the road, the year before. She had decided that Edward might get lonely, and had found out that her orphaned niece, Babs, was working in a factory. Edward had told her about me, and she said that if they found me, which was not very likely, she would adopt me as well.

Babs and I were very happy, but we were sad when we saw Ann cry. She said good-bye and ran off. Aunt Mary, as we now called her, asked if we would like her to come too, as she seemed like a very nice girl.

Babs, Mary and I are now ten, and Edward is fourteen. I have learned to read and write, because we go to a school and I am writing this so that the people who read it will realize what awful places the factories are, and will put a stop to child labour.

BARBARA CAMPBELL, V B.

### DUSK

I wait for the dusk to join me in my rambles,

Ah! There it comes a-peeping.

Ah! There it comes a-creeping.

And through each little gully it is keeping

A small, a silent vigil through the night.

Emerald eyes and little green leaves

Keep watch o'er all Dusk's doings,

And little birds break the stillness with their cooing.

All unruly noises quieten according to God's ruling,

And silence is restored again once more.

GERRY HUTCHINSON, V. B.

### THE SCENERY IN FLORIDA

One hot, sunny, windy day Dad and I were travelling along the Gulf Shore Road and this is what we saw. Over the gulf there were sea-gulls flying low and pelicans diving to have their fill of fish. Like dancing fish under a magic spell, porpoises were seen leaping in and out of the water. We found and saw lovely, sandy white beaches on which waves at high tide washed up beautifully coloured shells from the sea.

The grass is bright green in colour. The tall palm trees sway to and fro in the soft cool breeze. There are many golf courses where a golfer can enjoy a game. All this is here for you to see when you take a trip to Florida. MARY CONDUIT, V B.

### THE MONTHS

In September school has started,

In October turkey's life has parted,

November the snow starts to fall,

And December brings toys to all.

FIONA ST. CLAIR, IV A.

### DOCTOR JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

How often have you been sick in bed? Have you been bored? Probably yes. Well, let's talk about cats. Perhaps I can amuse you. Oh! how sweet he is and how often he cheers you up with his playful antics. For instance, stick your foot up in the air and wiggle it around the bed covers; if you're not careful you'll have no big toe. How sweet he is, with playful head, sweet green eyes, nicely padded paws. How could you live without him?

But, let's take "Felix" at night. You arrange him neatly and luxuriously at the foot of your bed. However, after a quick inspection to see if you are asleep, off he jumps with unknown agility into the dark and mysterious night.

Slipping around the back corner of the garden he stops, listening to the dancing leaves. From the bottom of the big elm comes a faint scraping sound. Instincts by thousands come crowding into his brain, inherited from the great black panther, the snarling lion king, the leopard, and the tiger. His eyes are not the sweet green they once were. They are now tinted with the instinct to kill, and to satisfy the fierce longing to join and continue the methods of his forefathers.

Legs bent, his body creeps along the ground, his ears forward and twitching at every new sound that reaches them. Creeping, creeping, always stealthily, to the scraping noise beneath the great elm, he goes on his way. Approaching downwind, the cat climbs a nearby birch whose lower branches reach to exactly one foot above the gopher's head.

Upon gaining this advantageous position he sits and waits for the right and only moment. It comes! Head straight, claws out, he springs—

After a brief struggle all is over. His uncanny sense tells him that human beings would not like his method of playing, so concealing all evidence of wrong doing, he glides over the window sill into the position that you had painstakingly arranged for him.

This story which I have just told you is true, and actually happened, as I discovered. So, next time you see your cat sneaking up on your big toe under the bedclothes, you will partially understand his hunting tactics.

GERALDINE HUTCHINSON, V B.

### FLEECY

I saw him as a puppy,

I saw him as a dog,

But when he's eating sirloin,

I see him as a hog.

MARTHA JERVIS-READ, IV A.

### THE VISITOR

"See those bushes moving," said my brother at our camp one day last summer.

We looked carefully, but detected no sign of anyone there. That night I opened my window and again saw moving bushes. I ran outside and explored, but no one was there. We had a rainstorm that night, and I carefully remembered to lock my windows and door. The next morning there were white hairy fibres all over the floor, and big puddles of water lying about. I was quite concerned about this, for our roof had been checked for leaks the day before. I ran out of the cabin, and there stopped dead. Those same bushes were moving, and I distinctly saw a white shape in motion behind them.

I forced myself to walk forward, straight toward the bushes. Suddenly a whimper came from behind them! I hastily parted them and found — a snow-white dog with a litter of squealing, newborn pups! Shouting for my brother to come, I began to ponder where the dog came from.

I gave a shout and rushed back into the cabin, almost pushing my brother over in my haste. I dug into my drawer, almost ripping my clothes apart, and found an old newspaper clipping. This is how it read: "The Hollyway Film Company's famous show-dog, Champion Shawnee, disappeared from the studio last evening while being filmed. She is about to have a litter of puppies, and is urgently needed at the studio. One hundred dollars reward for anyone who brings her back unharmed." The ad. was dated two weeks ago. Small wonder poor Shawnee came to some human beings for care!

We took her back that afternoon, and, to my extreme joy, we were promised the biggest puppy as soon as he was weaned. When we returned to camp we were showered with congratulations. I was very sure that little Shawnee would live up to the great reputation of his mother.

PAULINE ROBERTS, V B.

### A MIDNIGHT MIX-UP

Last night my brother Bobby had a frightening experience. I woke up to find him crying at the window with a blanket over his head, making funny expressions. When I asked him what he was doing, he said he had seen a ghost in our back yard and he was scaring it away, but it wouldn't go. Hanging on to me in terror, he pointed to a white birch tree out in the yard, bending in the wind. I explained to him that it was only a tree and we went back to bed. However, he was still frightened, because in a little while he came and crawled into my bed with me. Sometimes little children have too much imagination. MARY JERVIS-READ, IV A.

### THE STARS

Lots of stars come out at night  
To give us lots of pretty light.  
One is blue, one is white;  
They are such a lovely sight.

We see them all up in the sky,  
Up there where all the birds can fly.  
When our life ends and we die,  
They'll be lovely things to spy.

When we lie out on the grass,  
Up in the sky there's such a mass.  
We sit up straight and then we ask,  
"Is it true they're made of gas?"

A star is such a lovely thing;  
When we see one we must sing.  
All the stars are shining bright,  
Just to say to you, "Good Night."

SHEANA MEYERS, V A.

### COTTAGE CANDY CUPBOARD



### UNDER THE SEA

Under the sea  
Twiddle dee dee  
All among the fishes  
Who provide  
For one's inside  
Very tasty dishes.

FIONA ST. CLAIR, IV A.



# K. H. C. O. G. A.

## THE EXECUTIVE

Jany Henderson nearing Mrs., our President,  
Fulfills her duties with good intent;  
Between us, her man and Co. Chemcell  
How she manages — she will not tell.

1st Vice-President Anne Boright Gregory  
(Relied upon for her keen memory),  
It's she who's called by the bride elect  
When dates are difficult to select.

Miles away in the town of Hudson  
Lives finance whiz Robin Bocock LeBaron;  
Alas! every phone call from her means a fee,  
Are you sure we have all from K.H.C.?

It was Secretary McNab who decided to marry,  
Nona Hopper Jones joined saying do not tarry,  
If we can double the membership list  
The '63 class will soon get the gist.

Our Mrs. Barber née Linda Gordon  
Spends many an hour writin' and sortin',  
And at meetings from her we take our cues  
We certainly hope you have paid your dues!

Duties remaining are letters to press  
Menus to plan — the salad to dress,  
The 2nd Vice-Pres. is Penny Pasmore  
The executive consists of 2 plus 4.



## MARRIAGES

Diana Daniels to John Smith-Chapman, June 9, 1962.

Deirdre Allan to Paul Johnson, June 22, 1962.

Nancy Glass to Timothy Todd, June 23, 1962.

Elizabeth Angus to Gordon Eberts, July 4, 1962.

Flora Church to David Stewart, August 20, 1962.

Mary-Ann McNab to Byron Bordon, September 15, 1962.

Eliza Ann Sise to Eric Dawson, October 5, 1962.

Wendy Whitehead to John Nelles, November 10, 1962.

Sonia Taylor to John Burleton, November 17, 1962.

Judith Trenholme to Nicola Caracciolo di Castagreto, January 12, 1963.

Allison Beattie to John Rolland, January 17, 1963.

Judy Hingston to Terrance Dingle, February 18, 1963.

Judy Bignell to William Ferris, August 18, 1962.

Pat Archibald to John O'Brien, May 11, 1963.

Rosita Cardi to Roger Safdeye, December 29, 1962.

Becky Romano to Moises Posner, December 20, 1962.

Janet Henderson, Marion MacDougall and Linda Fraser are to be married shortly.



## BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Linton Reid (Mary Holt) a daughter, May 9, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson McKim (Fiona Bogert) a daughter, May 14, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Varney (Barbara Cope) a daughter, May 26, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hotton (Janet McNab) a daughter, May 27, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Black (Shirley Eakin) a son, May 31, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brodeur (Barbara Drummond) a son, May 31, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Titus (Jean Lindsay) a daughter, June 5, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Jamie Robertson (Barbara Shipman) a daughter, June 6, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Whittall (Susan Teakle) a daughter, June 7, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Creighton (Willa Ogilvie) a son, June 8, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. David Webb (Heather Woods) a son, July 5, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin (Antonia Mitchell) a son, July 6, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Rees (Judi Vivian) a daughter, July 7, 1962.

Dr. and Mrs. Donald Stewart (Peggy Ross) twin daughters, July 22, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Drummond (Sally Sharwood) a son, July 31, 1962.

Dr. and Mrs. Eric Hickey (June Thompson) a son, July 31, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch-Staunton (Juliana De-Kuyper) a son, August, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Sorley (Brenda Keddie) a son, September 2, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bullen (Dolly-Ann Arnold) a son, September 5, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bassett (Susan Carling) a daughter, September, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Webster (Diane Angus) a daughter, September 22, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Glebe Kraveta (Irma Schiess) a son, October 19, 1962.

Dr. and Mrs. John Burgess (Andrea Rutherford) a daughter, October 19, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mathewson (Mary-Fayre Tremain) a son, October 24, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robertson (Honor MacDougall) a daughter, October 27, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Abegg (Marie Strathy) a daughter, November 4, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Walsh (Susan Angus) a son, November 23, 1962.

Rev. and Mrs. Donald Stirling (Pamela Pasmore) a daughter, November 29, 1962.

Captain and Mrs. John Brazeau (Jane Cushing) a daughter, November 29, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sambrook (Mary Bogert) a son, December 6, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Copland (May Gilby) a daughter, December 7, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Benn (Renée Perrault) a son, December 27, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lewis (Cynthia Hands) a daughter, January 4, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lewis (Anne Davidson) a son, January 9, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Murray (Isobel Fitz Gerald) a son, January 26, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. John Black (Susan Vickers) a daughter, January 31, 1963.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Schmidt (Mary-Jane Hutchison) a daughter, February 5, 1963.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Osterholm (Anne Howard) a daughter, February 6, 1963.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Harvey Cocks (Catherine Evans) a daughter, February, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh VanAlstyne (Sue Kilgour) a daughter, February 23, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Bart MacDougall (Janet Martin) a son, March 9, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Budge (Anne McNally) a daughter, March, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kazi (Jean Dodds) a son, March 20, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Andreas Thuswaldner (Heather Anderson) a son, March, 1963.



## DEATHS

It is with deep regret that we record the death, in Montreal, of Victoria Nesbitt, of Matric. '55.



## Staff Directory

Miss Gillard, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.

Miss A. Beaton, 110 Stanley Road, Saint John, N.B.

Miss P. Braddick, 17 The Avenue, West Wickham, Kent,  
England

Mlle O. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.

Mrs. J. Clifton, Grier House, Bishop's College School,  
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Miss G. Evans, R.R. No. 1, Cookshire, P.Q.

Miss H. Fairweather, 20 Murrayfield Drive, Edinburgh 12,  
Scotland

Miss D. Hewson, Box 207, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Miss H. Jenkins, "Littlewood," Keppoch, P.E.I.

Miss G. Keyzer, 71 Thomas Road, Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.

Mme S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.

Miss F. MacLennan, 1133 Dalhousie Street, Halifax, N.S.

Miss M. Morris, 5 Gibson Avenue, Grimsby, Ont.

Mlle M. P. Paquette, La Patrie, Compton County, P.Q.

Miss J. Ramsay, 329 George Street, Fredericton, N.B.

Miss H. Reid, 203-A Woodstock Road, Oxford, England

Miss R. Riddell, Box 161, Sawyerville, P.Q.

Mr. Roberts, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.

Miss D. Stickney, R.R. No. 1, Site Box 5,  
East Florenceville, N.B.

Miss E. Thorne, 115 Elliott Row, Saint John, N.B.

Miss J. Tudor Jones, Headley Rectory, Bordon, Hants,  
England

Miss D. Wallace, Box 41, Warden, P.Q.

Mme E. Yarrill, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.



# School Directory

- S. Aboud, 2270 Ainsley Crescent, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 J. Aitken, Apartado 1789, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
 S. Allan, P.O. Box 189, Windsor Mills, P.Q.  
 C. Archer, 1450 Richelieu Road, Richelieu, P.Q.  
 J. Baggs, 7 East Gables Court, Beaconsfield, P.Q.  
 J. Balloch, Liverpool, N.S.  
 P. Balloch, Liverpool, N.S.  
 P. Barker, 22 Granville Road, Hampstead, P.Q.  
 D. Bignell, Lake Beauport, P.Q.  
 B. Blackader, 7 Ramezay Road, Montreal 6, P.Q.  
 B. Booth, Hilltop Farm, Yonge Street N., R.R. No. 2,  
 Aurora, Ont.  
 B. Bryant, Cedar House, R.R. No. 3, Magog, P.Q.  
 D. Bryant, Cedar House, R.R. No. 3, Magog, P.Q.  
 S. Buchan, 11 Gainsborough Avenue, Kingston 6,  
 Jamaica, W.I.  
 F. Buchanan, 12 Simcoe Avenue, Montreal 16, P.Q.  
 F. Budden, 238 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.  
 J. Burgoyne, 59 Yates Street, St. Catharines, Ont.  
 B. Campbell, 3660 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.  
 C. Campbell, 3660 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.  
 M. Cape, 9045 Gouin Boulevard, Saraguay, P.Q.  
 S. Caridi, Apartado Aereo 110, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.  
 A. Carre, 2205 Alta Vista Drive, Ottawa, Ont.  
 M. Cassils, R.R. No. 1, St. Sauveur des Monts, P.Q.  
 M. Chapman, 304 Rose Park Drive, Toronto, Ont.  
 S. Clark, 89 Summer Street, Summerside, P.E.I.  
 J. Clarke, Brush Hill Road, Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A.  
 J. Collin, P.O. Box 43, Hudson, P.Q.  
 S. Collin, P.O. Box 43, Hudson, P.Q.  
 M. Conduit, 281 Bessborough Drive, Toronto 17, Ont.  
 C. Cook, 11117 Waycroft Way, Rockville, Maryland, U.S.A.  
 E. Cook, 36 Forest Road, St. John's, Nfld.  
 A. Cowans, 3061 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.  
 L. Cowans, 3061 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.  
 M. Cowen, 37 Richelieu Road, Fort Chambly, P.Q.  
 T. Cross, 440 East 57th Street, Sutton Place, New York,  
 N.Y., U.S.A.  
 D. Dawes, 357 Stanstead Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 C. Dewar, 30 Dunn Street, Oakville, Ont.  
 N. Doheny, 18 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 A. Donald, 267 Sulphur Springs Road, Ancaster, Ont.  
 M. Douglas, 29 Donwood Drive, Toronto, Ont.  
 N. Druce, 4913 Western Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 V. Druce, 4913 Western Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 J. Eakin, 635 Carleton Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 J. Eardley, P.O. Box 644, Nassau, Bahamas.  
 C. Eke, 37 Helett Lane, Port Washington, New York, U.S.A.  
 L. Ellison, Tandale Farm, Knowlton, P.Q.  
 A. Evans, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 R. Evershed, 125 Dorval Avenue, Dorval, P.Q.  
 S. Finch, 382 Upper Middle Road, R.R. No. 1, Oakville, Ont.  
 C. Finlayson, Rawdon, P.Q.  
 J. Fletcher, 167 Academy Street, Danville, P.Q.  
 P. Fletcher, 167 Academy Street, Danville, P.Q.  
 M. Fox, 111 Stratford Road, Hampstead, P.Q.  
 J. Francis, Desbiens County, Lake St. John, P.Q.  
 E. Franklin, 490 Dufferin Street, Sherbrooke, P.Q.  
 B. Fraser, 2 Chevalier Street, Iberville, P.Q.  
 B. Fraser, 2 Chevalier Street, Iberville, P.Q.  
 S. Galt, 765 Lexington Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 D. Gill, 170 Lansdowne Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 M. Glen, 20122 Lakeshore Road, Baie D'Urfée, P.Q.  
 C. Gordon, 3122 Daulac Road, Montreal 6, P.Q.  
 V. Gotthilf, Carrera 52 No. 76-123, Barranquilla, Colombia,  
 S.A.  
 S. Graham, 56 Belvedere Circle, Westmount, P.Q.  
 M. Grant, 152 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 G. Gurney, Gananoque, Ont.  
 D. Hornig, R.R. No. 1, Austin, P.Q.  
 S. Hutchins, 3455 Stanley Street, Montreal, P.Q.  
 G. Hutchison, 14 Beavis Terrace, New Liskeard, Ont.  
 A. Jellicoe, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 M. Jervis-Read, 1012 McManamy Boulevard, Sherbrooke,  
 P.Q.  
 M. Jervis-Read, 1012 McManamy Boulevard, Sherbrooke,  
 P.Q.  
 S. Johnston, 1076 Thornhill Park, Quebec 6, P.Q.  
 J. Kenny, 141 Howick Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 C. Lawson, 300 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 W. Leggat, 609 Berwick Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 K. Mackay, Apartado 889, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
 K. MacCulloch, Box 283, Bedford, N.S.  
 N. MacDonald, 28 Senneville Road, Senneville, P.Q.  
 C. MacLachy, 109 Reid Avenue, Ottawa 3, Ont.  
 E. Macnaughton, 7 Redpath Row, Montreal, P.Q.  
 W. Magee, 500 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 E. Malabre, c/o Demerara Bauxite, Mackenzie,  
 British Guiana, S.A.  
 S. Marpole, Wynward, Como, P.Q.  
 S. McCain, 23 Granville Road, Hampstead, P.Q.  
 C. McDermid, 1356 Montreal Avenue, Calgary, Alta.  
 S. McDowell, Small Point Beach, Phippsburg, Maine, U.S.A.  
 D. McLernon, 33 Holton Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 J. McMaster, 3141 Daulac Road, Montreal, P.Q.  
 S. Meyers, 42 Farnham Crescent, Ottawa 2, Ont.  
 K. Mills, 4313 Montrose Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 M. Miller, 4 Islesmere Gardens, Ste. Dorothée, P.Q.  
 A. Moore, 32 Range Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 E. Morgan, 3466 Peel Street, Montreal, P.Q.  
 P. Morgan, 348 Revere Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 L. Morton, Ste. Marguerite Station, P.Q.  
 L. Mundy, 771 Acacia Lane, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 A. Newman, 3302 Cedar Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 M. Nichols, 2423 - 10th Street S.W., Calgary, Alta.  
 E. Nickson, Knowlton, P.Q.  
 E. Oliver, "Bencoolen," Lodge Hill, St. Michael, Barbados, W.I.  
 J. Parke, Governor's Road, Dundas, Ont.  
 J. Parke, Governor's Road, Dundas, Ont.  
 E. Paterson, 1735 McGregor Avenue, Fort William, Ont.  
 B. Peck, 617 Clarke Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 S. Peck, 617 Clarke Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 L. Peck, 575 Lansdowne Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 M. S. Philpott, 3465 Cote des Neiges Road, Montreal, P.Q.  
 K. Plow, "Silver Birches," Oakfield, Halifax Co., N.S.  
 C. Prescott, 22 Richelieu Road, Fort Chambly, P.Q.  
 B. J. Punnett, Peniston Estate, St. Vincent, W.I.  
 J. Rankin, 15 Church Hill, Westmount, P.Q.  
 W. Rankin, 15 Church Hill, Westmount, P.Q.  
 S. Reid, 350 Kensington Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 B. Rinfret, 1610 Caledonia Road, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 V. Rorke, 332 Henry Street, Cobourg, Ont.  
 A. Ross, 1241 De Laune Avenue, Quebec City, P.Q.  
 N. Rudel, 50 Belvedere Place, Montreal 6, P.Q.  
 D. Russel, 50 Forden Crescent, Westmount, P.Q.  
 G. Russel, 51 Belvedere Road, Westmount, P.Q.  
 M. Salmond, 330 - 43rd Avenue, Lachine, P.Q.  
 S. Salmond, 330 - 43rd Avenue, Lachine, P.Q.  
 B. Savage, 4309 Montrose Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 D. Shalom, Apartado Aereo 32, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.  
 C. Sharp, 66 Forden Crescent, Westmount, P.Q.  
 T. Smith, 4295 Montrose Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 J. Stainforth, Apartado 889, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
 J. Stairs, 12 Maple Street, Kenogami, P.Q.  
 F. St. Clair, 55-A Castle Frank Road, Toronto 5, Ont.  
 J. Stewart, 3301 Lakeland Crescent, Burlington, Ont.  
 V. Stewart, 164 Lakeshore Road, Pointe Claire, P.Q.  
 A. Stikeman, 48 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 E. Stikeman, 48 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 C. Stinson, 1 Hill Pond Road, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A.  
 M. Stratford, "Glenhurst," Corunna, Ont.  
 M. Thomas, The Rectory, Cookshire, P.Q.  
 H. Thomson, R.R. No. 2, Gormley, Ont.  
 D. Trudeau, 765 Park Avenue, New York City, N.Y., U.S.A.  
 M. Vickers, 8 St. George Place, Westmount, P.Q.  
 M. Webster, 469 Victoria Avenue, Sherbrooke, P.Q.  
 S. White, 4870 Cote des Neiges, Montreal, P.Q.  
 K. Wilson, 64 Old Forest Hill Road, Toronto 7, Ont.  
 R. Wise, 183 Dufferin Road, Montreal, P.Q.  
 P. Wolff, 430 Bourke Avenue, Apt. 2-E, Dorval, P.Q.  
 C. Wootton, 3940 Cote des Neiges, Montreal, P.Q.  
 J. Worden, 111 Lazard Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 L. Wright, 1 Belvedere Circle, Ottawa, Ont.  
 H. Wyllie, 698 Churchill Place, Baie D'Urfée, P.Q.

## Exchanges

- BLUE AND WHITE: Walkerville Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.  
BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.  
EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.  
INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.  
LAMPADA: Lachute High School, Lachute, Que.  
LEED'S GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL: Leeds, England  
LUDEMUS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.  
POSTSCRIPT: The North Hastings High School, Bancroft, Ont.  
SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.  
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont.  
TECHNICAL COLLEGE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.  
TRAFALGAR ECHOES: Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.  
THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.  
THE ALMAPHALIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.  
THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.  
THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.  
THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Que.  
THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.  
THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.  
THE BOAR: Hillfield School, Hamilton, Ont.  
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.  
THE CHRONICLE: The Study, Montreal, Que.  
THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.  
THE ELEVATOR: Belleville Collegiate Institute, Belleville, Ont.  
THE GREEN AND WHITE REVIEW: St. Patrick High School, Sherbrooke, Que.  
THE GROVE CHRONICLE: The Grove, Lakefield, Ont.  
THE LYRE: Lennoxville High School, Lennoxville, Que.  
THE MITRE: Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.  
THE PIBROCH: Strathallen School, Hamilton, Ont.  
THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.  
THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood School for Girls, Rothesay, N.B.



## Autographs

## Autographs

### Exchanges

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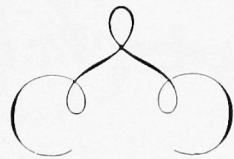
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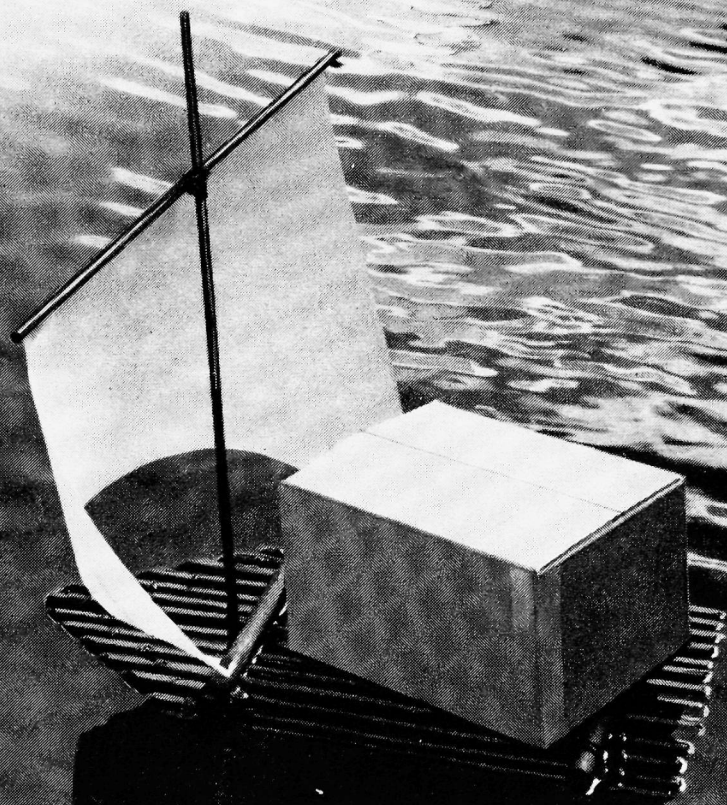


from a Father

South of the Mason-Dixon Line



*Ship  
anything...  
anywhere...*

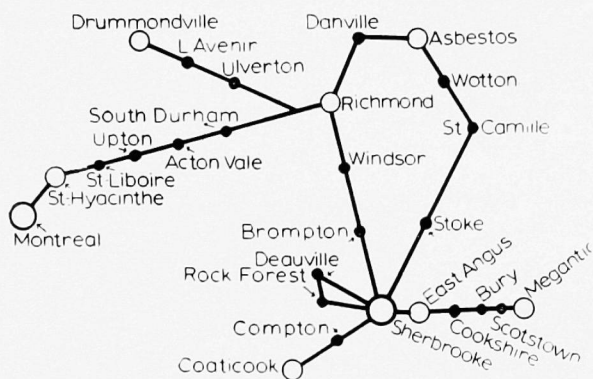


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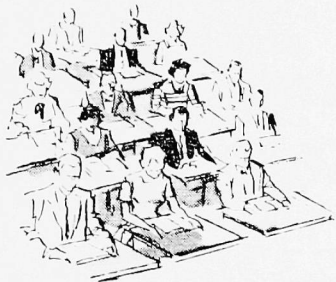
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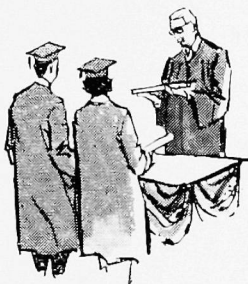
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For school children there are leaflets on how they can improve their grades and how they can get more fun out of school.

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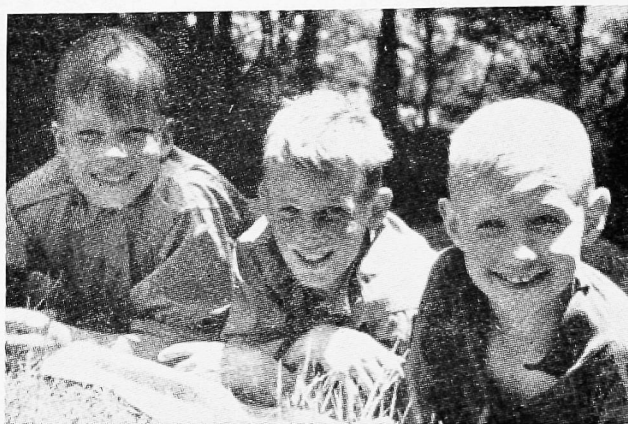
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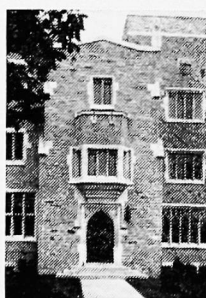
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The boys at Boulden House form a small community of their own. A young fellow can feel at home here, be himself, and yet be among good friends.

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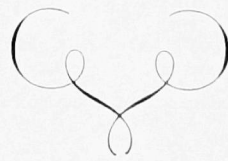
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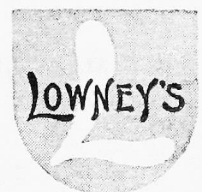
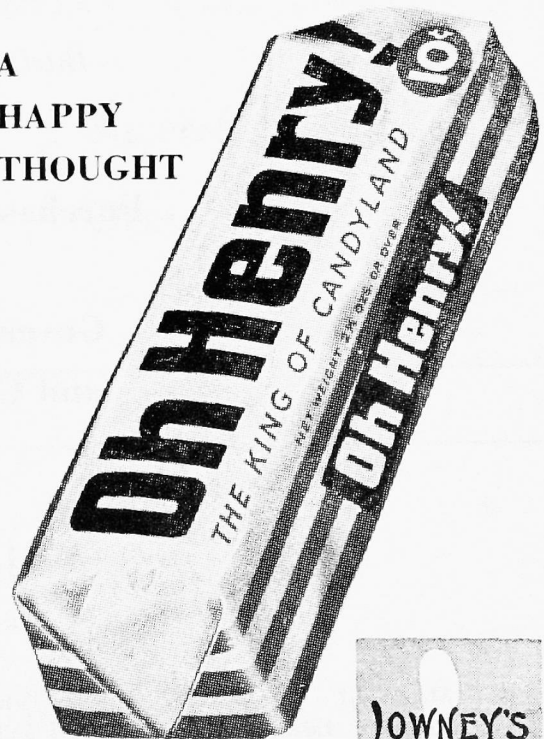
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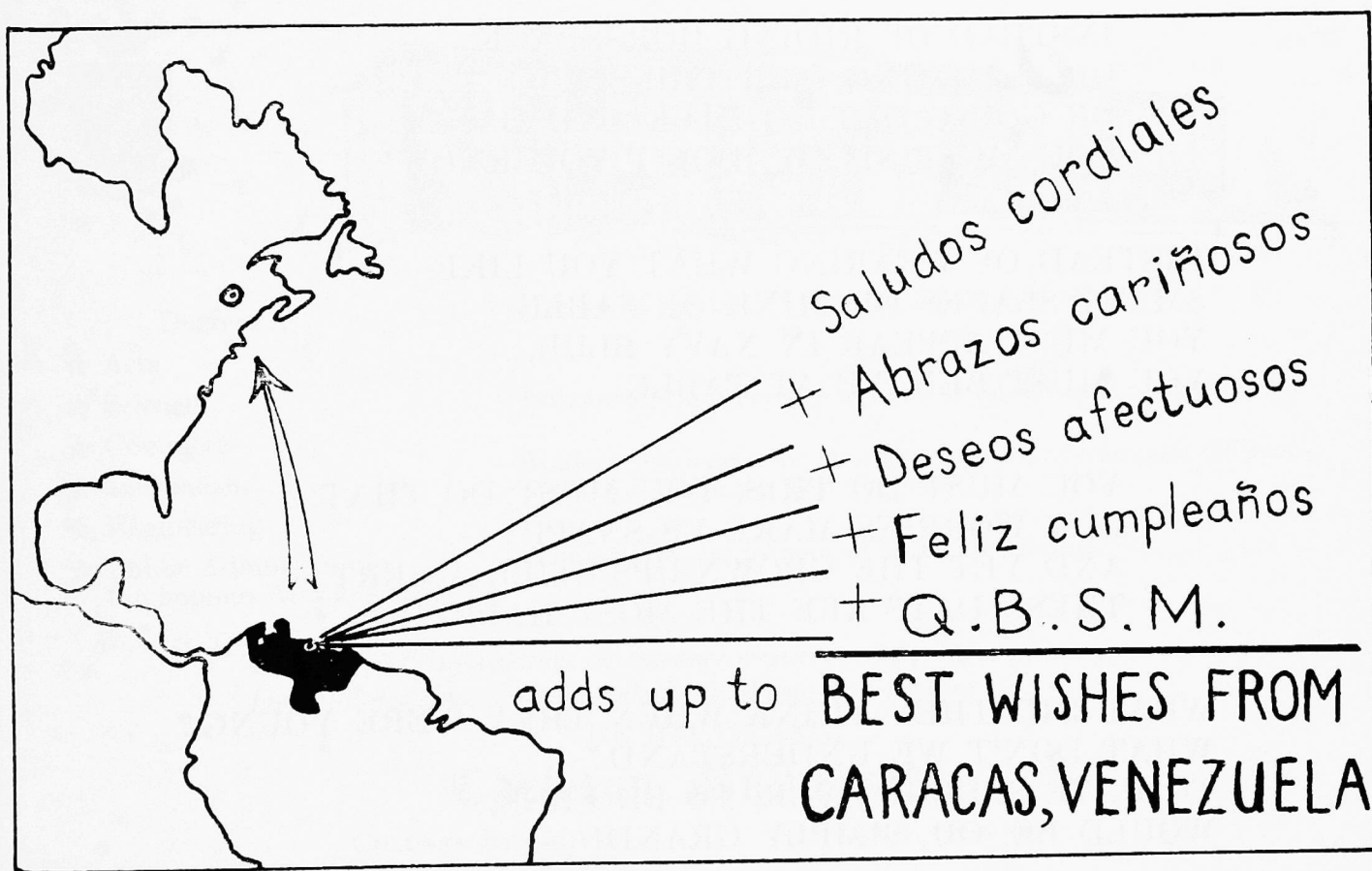
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OUR WORRIES MAKE US SNAPPY—  
AND YET THE GROWN-UPS STILL ASSERT  
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WOULD BE, OH, SIMPLY GRAND!

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